



No.79

NEWEST HIT!
SANDMAN



IND

OCT.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



MANHUNTER
STALKS
NAZI RAIDERS
IN
"COBRAS
OF THE DEEP!"

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**SUPERMAN DC
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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR BOOK REVIEWS!

Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from *your* library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a \$5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....By Mary Jane Carr
Black Stallion.....By Walter Farley
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....By West Lathrop
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....By Alida Malkus
Black Fire.....By Covelle Newcomb
Way Down Cellar.....By Phil Stong
Piang, the Moro Chieftain.....By Florence Stuart
Happy Landing.....By Leonora M. Weber
Haven for the Brave.....By Elizabeth Yates
The Last of the Gauchos.....By Thames Williamson

"I HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FIGHT"

The Story of John Paul Jones

By Commander Edward Ellsberg.

Illustrated by Gerald Foster.

This is the story of a young boy of Nantucket who followed the daring Captain John Paul Jones through the early days of America's Revolutionary War, through desperate sea fighting to an American naval victory.

Tom Folger was fourteen when his father met tragic death. Tom's first whaling trip, too, ended in disaster. He was left alone and adrift in the world.

It was then that he cast in his lot with the young Scottish captain of a Spanish pirate ship—John Paul—wanted in Tobago on a falsified charge of murder. Together the two wanderers, escaping the wrath of the Governor of Trinidad, made their way back to the States.

They found this country on the verge of war, and badly in need of a navy to fight the British on the high seas. This was the chance John Paul had been waiting for, and he was ready to take command of a ship of the new navy as First Lieutenant, with Tom at his side. The chances for America's small fleet against the might of the great British navy depended on the courage, the daring and skill of young officers like these.

The story of those sea fights is filled with bloodshed and horror, courage and patriotism, bitterness and disappointments. It was not until the American fleet under its young commodore had beaten the British in their own waters, that the world rang with the name of John Paul Jones.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

M RIIH EQIVMGE. EQIVMGE RIIHW CSY.
HS CSYV FMX!

STARMAN

by JACK BURNLEY-

THE MYSTERY
MAN OF THE
STARS SWINGS
INTO ACTION IN
A MUSICAL TALE
OF TERRID
TEMPO THAT'S
A REAL
KILLER
DILLER!



..THE TUNE OF TERRIFIC TOBY..



THERE WAS A TIMID LITTLE MAN
WHO WALKED A CROOKED MILE TO FAME,
AND BUILT A CROOKED LIFE ON SHAM,
THAT TURNED INTO A LIFE OF SHAME!

BRIGHT MORNING! AND TOBY WEEMS
WALKS TO WORK WITH A PACKAGE OF
PERILOUS PROMISE UNDER HIS ARM!





TOBY WEEMS IS A TIMID LITTLE MAN--
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!

ER--COULD
I PLEASE
GET IN, TOO
--MAYBE?

WHY, IT'S TOBY,
THE BRAVE MAN!
HA, HA! SURE--
STEP IN!



THEY ALL MAKE FUN OF
ME! OH--OH! THERE'S THAT
NICK ARMSTRONG-PEST!

GOOD MORNING,
TOBY! MY! HOW
YOU FRIGHTENED ME!



AND EVERYONE LETS TOBY
KNOW THAT THEY KNOW HE'S
A TIMID MAN!

HEY, TOBY! THEY TELL ME
YOU'RE THE MASTERMIND
WHO RUNS THAT PACK OF
CROOKS CALLED
THE "SOUP-GANG!"

AWW-LAY
OFF, WILL YA,
ARMSTRONG!



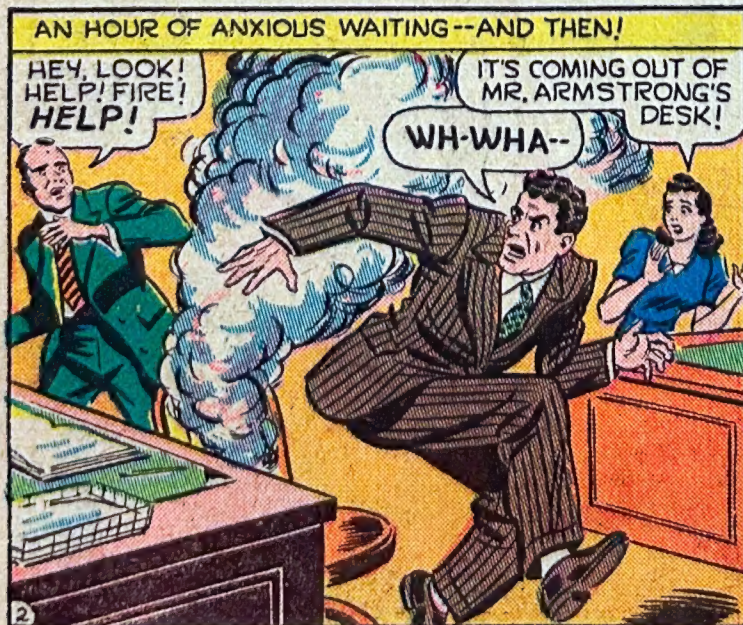
DON'T LOOK SO
FEROCIOUS, TOBY.
YOU SCARE ME!

LET 'EM LAUGH! I'LL
SHOW 'EM! IN AN HOUR,
THEY'RE GONNA BE
CALLING ME A HERO!



AS HE PASSES A DESK,
TOBY MAKES A SUDDEN
FURTIVE MOVE--

SWELL! NOBODY SAW
ME! NOW ALL I GOT TO
DO IS WAIT FOR THIS
PHONEY BOMB TO GO OFF
-- THEN, I'LL SHOW 'EM!



AN HOUR OF ANXIOUS WAITING--AND THEN!

HEY, LOOK!
HELP! FIRE!
HELP!

IT'S COMING OUT OF
MR. ARMSTRONG'S
DESK!

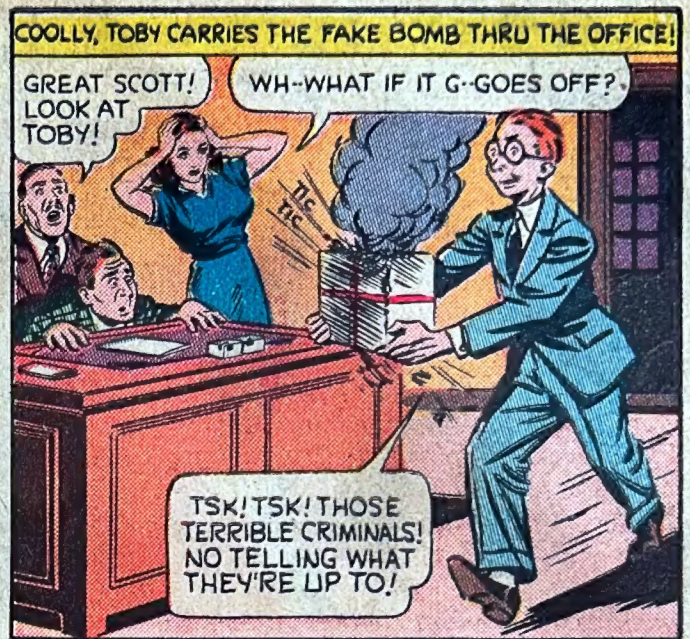
WH-WHA--

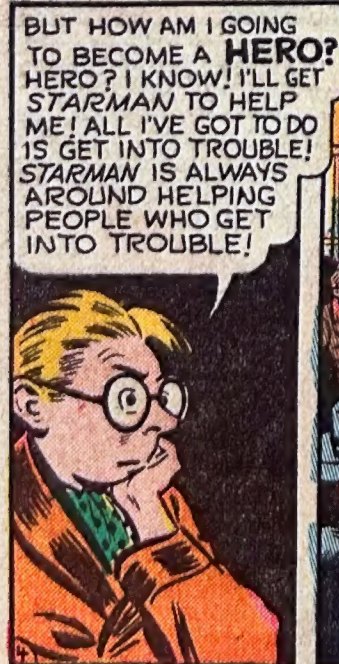


DO SOMETHING,
SOMEBODY!

DON'T LOSE YOUR
HEADS, FOLKS! I'LL
TAKE CARE OF THIS!

HELP!
LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!





BUT TERRIFIC TOBY'S REPUTATION HAS PRECEDED HIM!

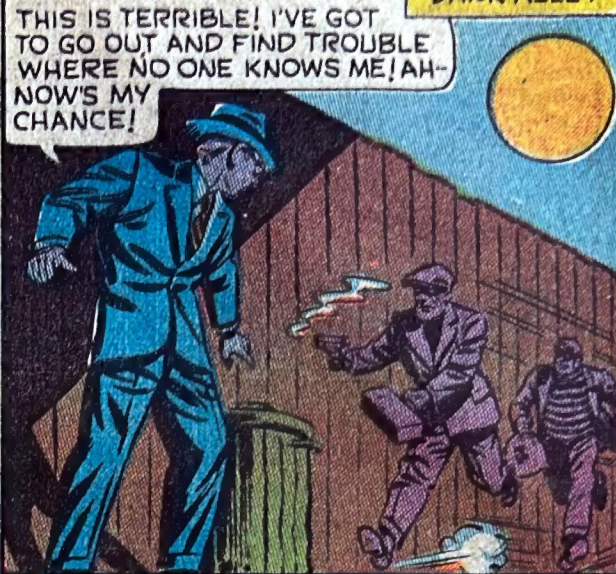


GEE, GUYS, DIS IS TERRIFIC TOBY!

OH-- SURE, WE'LL QUIT FIGHTIN' IF YA SAY SO, TOBY!

BOY, YOU SURE GOT NOIVE, TOBY, CARRYIN' DAT BOMB LIKE DAT!

LEAVING THE DEN OF THUGS, TOBY ENTERS A DARK ALLEY--



THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND FIND TROUBLE WHERE NO ONE KNOWS ME! AH-- NOW'S MY CHANCE!

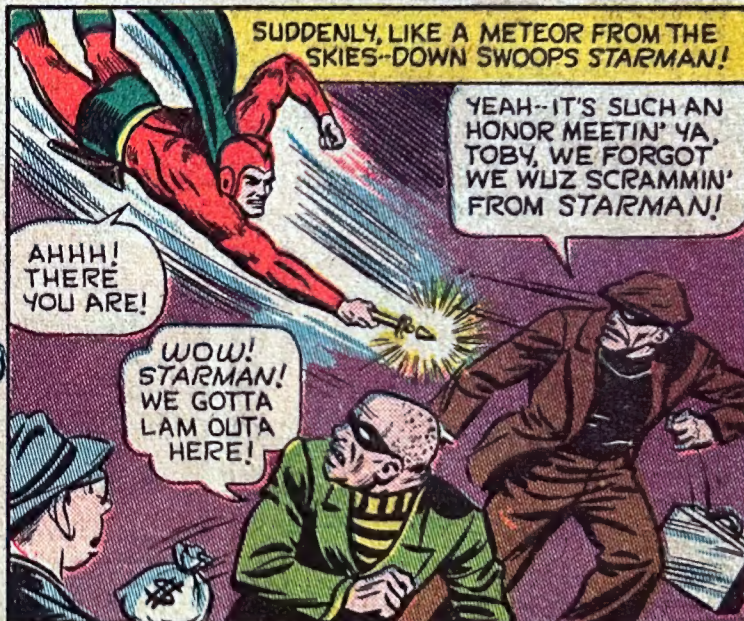
BUT THE REPUTATION OF TERRIFIC TOBY IS TERRIFIC EVERYWHERE!



GOLLY! DIS IS TERRIFIC TOBY TALKIN' TO US!

SAY, TOBY, COULD I GET YER AUTOGRAPH FER ME KIDS?

AWWW!



SUDDENLY, LIKE A METEOR FROM THE SKIES--DOWN SWOOPS STARMAN!

YEAH--IT'S SUCH AN HONOR MEETIN' YA, TOBY, WE FORGOT WE WLIZ SCRAMMIN' FROM STARMAN!

AHHH! THERE YOU ARE!

WOW! STARMAN! WE GOTTA LAM OUTA HERE!

LET GO, IDIOT! I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THOSE MEN! I'M TRACKING DOWN THE "SOUP-GANG!"



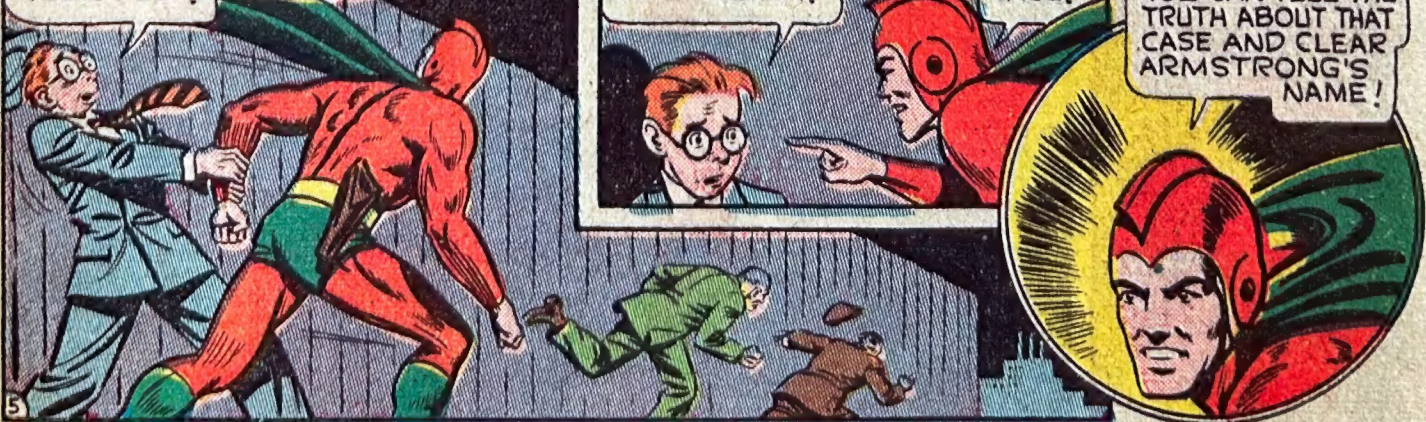
AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY, STARMAN! I NEED YOUR HELP!

TERRIFIC TOBY TELLS HIS TALE!

--YOU SEE, STARMAN, I'VE GOT TO BECOME A REAL HERO BEFORE PEOPLE FIND OUT THAT I'M A PHONEY!

ALL RIGHT-- I'LL HELP YOU! YOU CAN WORK WITH ME ON THE "SOUP-GANG" CASE!

FIRST, WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE INNOCENT NICK ARMSTRONG OUT OF JAIL--AFTER YOU'VE TURNED YOURSELF INTO A REAL HERO YOU CAN TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT CASE AND CLEAR ARMSTRONG'S NAME!



STARMAN AND TOBY SOAR OVER THE CITY JAIL--

I HEAR SIRENS-- AND SHOTS! IT'S A JAIL BREAK!

WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO STOP IT, TOBY --AND YOU CAN START BEING A HERO!

R-EEEEEEEEEE

START SWINGING, TOBY! BE A HERO! PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN, I NEED THIS LADDER!

COME ON, TOBY! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE! THINK OF THE HEADLINES! TOBY CRUSHES PRISON BREAK!

LIKE SOME FLAMING CRUSADER OF OLD, STARMAN CHARGES THE CONVICT CROWD!

OWW!

STARMAN! HOW'D HE GET HERE?

THEN THE BLEAK GLARE OF PRISON SEARCHLIGHTS SHINE ON TERRIFIC TOBY AND THE PRISON BREAK ENDS!

AS STARMAN DRIVES THE CONVICTS BACK INTO THE PRISON--

I--I HAVE A SLIGHT COLD TONIGHT, STARMAN --I TH-THINK I OUGHT TO GO HOME AND GO TO B-BED!

HOLY HACKSAWS! IT'S TERRIFIC TOBY!

I'M GOIN' BACK TO MY CELL WHERE IT'S SAFE!

WE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

WHOA--WHAT'S WRONG, TOBY?

THAT'S ARMSTRONG IN THAT CELL!



B-BUT WE'VE COME TO FREE YOU, ARMSTRONG!

I DON'T WANT TO BE FREED! YOU FRAMED ME WITH THAT BOMB, TOBY-- AND I'M GOING TO STAY IN JAIL UNTIL YOU CONFESS!



A FLARE OF STAR-ENERGY FROM THE GRAVITY ROD AND THE CELL LOCK MELTS!

LET GO OF ME, YA BIG APE!

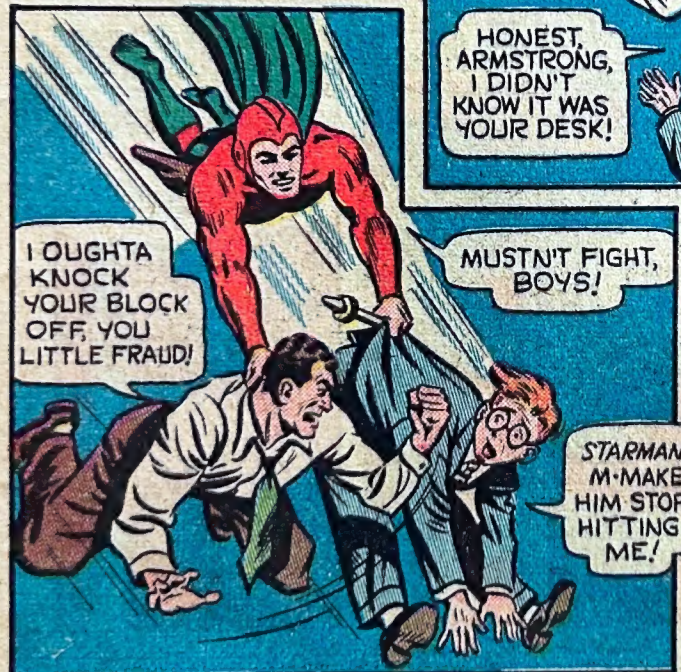
TOBY WON'T CONFESS TILL HE'S A REAL HERO, AND SINCE YOU'RE INNOCENT YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF JAIL WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU LITTLE WORM!

AND NOW I THINK WE'D BEST HIDE ARMSTRONG IN YOUR APARTMENT, TOBY!

HONEST, ARMSTRONG, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR DESK!



I OUGHTA KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF, YOU LITTLE FRAUD!

MUSTN'T FIGHT, BOYS!

STARMAN, M-MAKE HIM STOP HITTING ME!



BUT A SINISTER WELCOME AWAITS THEM-- BEADY EYES WATCH FROM BEHIND THE DOOR OF TOBY'S ROOM--

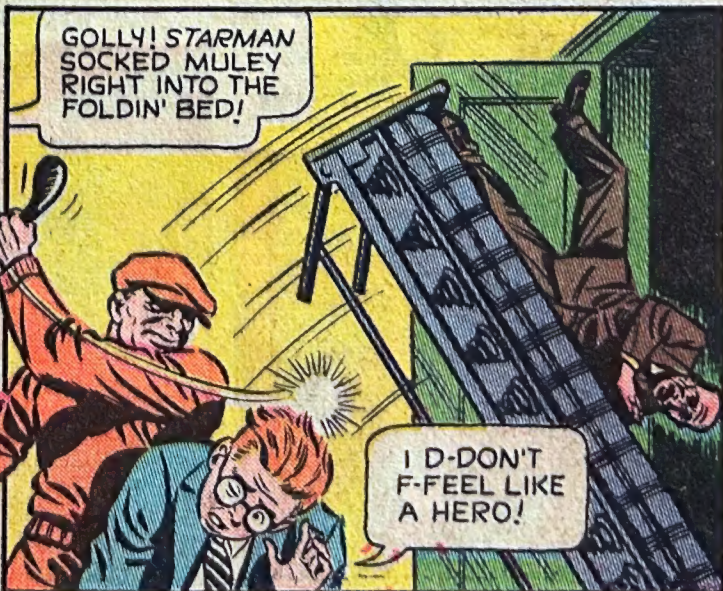
HERE COMES TOBY NOW--AN' HE'S GOT COMPANY WITH HIM!



AND THE DEADLY "SOUP-GANG" STRIKES!

IT'S THE "SOUP-GANG"! COME ON, TOBY! YOU MUFFED ONE CHANCE TO BECOME A HERO! HERE'S ANOTHER!

OW!



GOLLY! STARMAN SOCKED MULEY RIGHT INTO THE FOLDIN' BED!

I D-DON'T F-FEEL LIKE A HERO!

OVERWHELMING ODDS OVERCOME
THE MAN OF THE STARS AND
HIS TWO COMPANIONS--

ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, MULEY?
THAT STARMAN
GIVE YA AN
AWFUL SOCK!

LET ME
OUTTA HERE!
I'LL FIX
HIM!

TOBY, OUR BOSS TOLD
US WHAT A PHONEY,
YELLOW RAT YOU ARE--
SO WE PAID YOU A VISIT--
YOU'RE GONNA LET US
INTO YOUR OFFICE
TONIGHT FOR A
LITTLE JOB!

WHO'S YOUR
BOSS, MULEY?
I'VE BEEN
TRACKING
THE "SOUP-
GANG" FOR
A WEEK AND
I HAVEN'T
FOUND OUT!

EVEN IF I KNEW,
I WOULDN'T TELL
YA, STARMAN!
NOBODY KNOWS
WHO THE BOSS
IS--HE JUST SENDS
US ORDERS--

HIS ARMS BOUND, STARMAN IS
JAMMED INTO THE FOLDING BED CLOSET--

NOW WHILE WE'RE
ROBBIN' THE MUSIC
JOINT, YOU'RE GONNA
GET A TASTE OF WHAT
I GOT, STARMAN!
JOEY WILL BE HERE
GUARDIN' YA WITH
YOUR OWN GRAVITY
ROD!

IN SUFFOCATING
BLACKNESS, STARMAN
THINKS DESPERATELY--

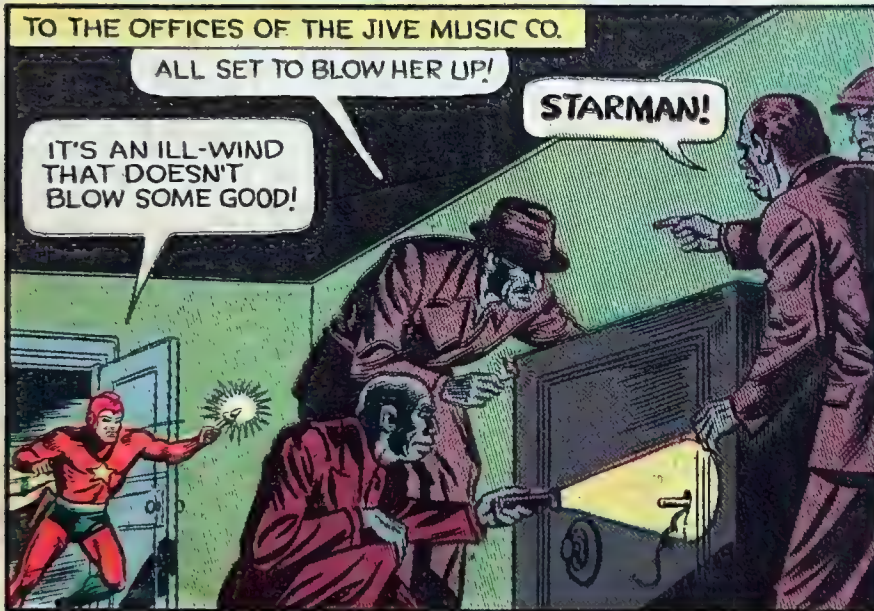
I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING--I'LL TRY
SAWING THE ROPE
AGAINST THE STEEL
BED-SPRING--HOPE
IT WORKS!

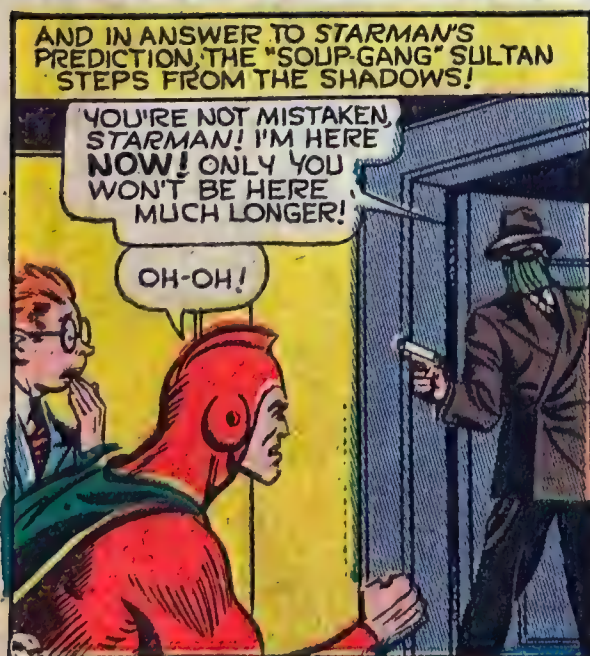
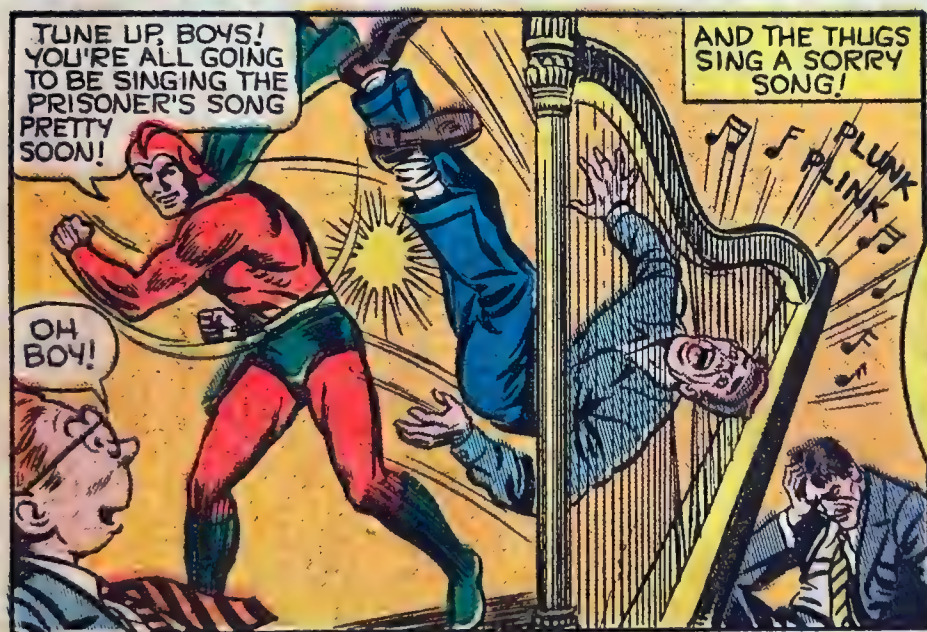
BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST THE
DOOR, STARMAN PASSES THE BED-
SPRING BACK--

I'M TURNING MYSELF
INTO A HUMAN
SLING SHOT--
BUT IT'S THE
ONLY WAY OUT!

AS THE SPRINGS UNCOIL, STARMAN CATAPULTS FORWARD, TEARING
THE DOOR FROM ITS HINGES!
SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU
LIKE THIS!

STARMAN
--FREE!







BUT, STARMAN! WHAT DO I DO NOW?

HIT HIM AGAIN!



AND AS TOBY RAGES INTO FURIOUS BATTLE--

YOU THUGS STAY PUT WHERE YOU ARE! TOBY'S GOING TO GET A FAIR CHANCE AT HERO-ING!

OWWW!
WHAM!
SOCK!



HEY, STARMAN! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS GUY? HE WON'T GO DOWN!

STOP PUNCHING HIM A MINUTE AND GIVE HIM A CHANCE! HE HASN'T HAD TIME!



TOBY IS A REAL HERO AT LAST!

SEE?

STARMAN!
I DID IT!
YOU SHOWED ME HOW!



AND NOW LOOK! THE LEADER OF THE "SOUP-GANG" IS **ARMSTRONG!** HE TOOK THAT JOB AT YOUR OFFICE TO "CASE" THE PLACE FOR A ROBBERY!

WOW!



I CAUGHT ON WHEN THE THUGS SAID THEIR BOSS TOLD THEM YOU WERE A PHONEY! ARMSTRONG, KNOWING THAT **HIS** GANG HADN'T PUT THE BOMB THERE, REALIZED IT WAS ALL A HOAX!

YOU'LL NEVER BE OUT OF TUNE WITH THRILLS AND CHILLS WHEN YOU READ **STARMAN'S ADVENTURES** IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS!**

HOURLMAN

and

HYOZOKU

by BERNARD BAILY.

THE CITY WAS FULL OF BELLS... CHURCH BELLS, FIRE BELLS, TRAIN BELLS! NO ONE GAVE THEM A THOUGHT... UNTIL THE SLIMY DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWORLD SPAWNED A HUMAN MONSTER WHOSE WARPED BRAIN CONCEIVED NEW HORRORS FROM THEIR INNOCENT SOUNDS! THEN THE WORLD'S LARGEST BELL WAS FINISHED... A CITY CRUMBLLED AND MEN WENT MAD... WHILE FATE GAVE HOURLMAN SIXTY FLEETING MINUTES IN WHICH TO MUFFLE... "THE STROKE OF DOOM!"

MEET A NEW CRIME COMBINE... GUN GUNTHER, RUTHLESS NAPOLEON OF CRIME, AND "PROF." PITTS, WARPED GENIUS OF CRIME!

AHH-H!
IT IS
FINISHED!

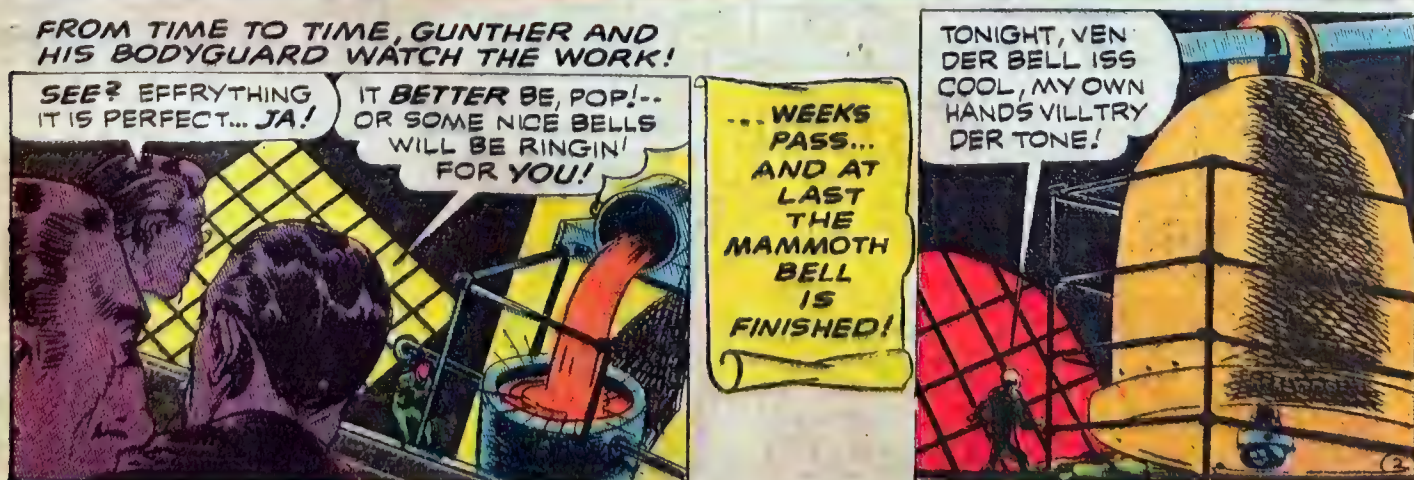
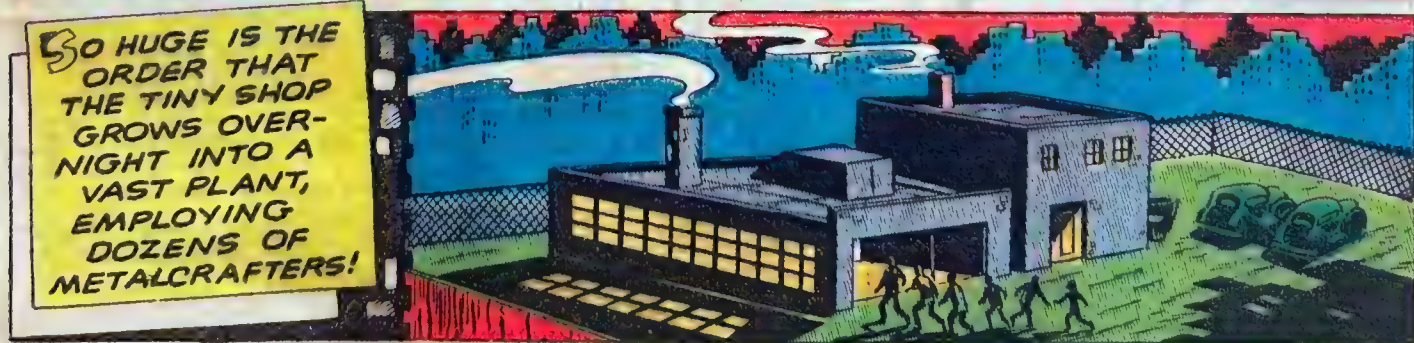
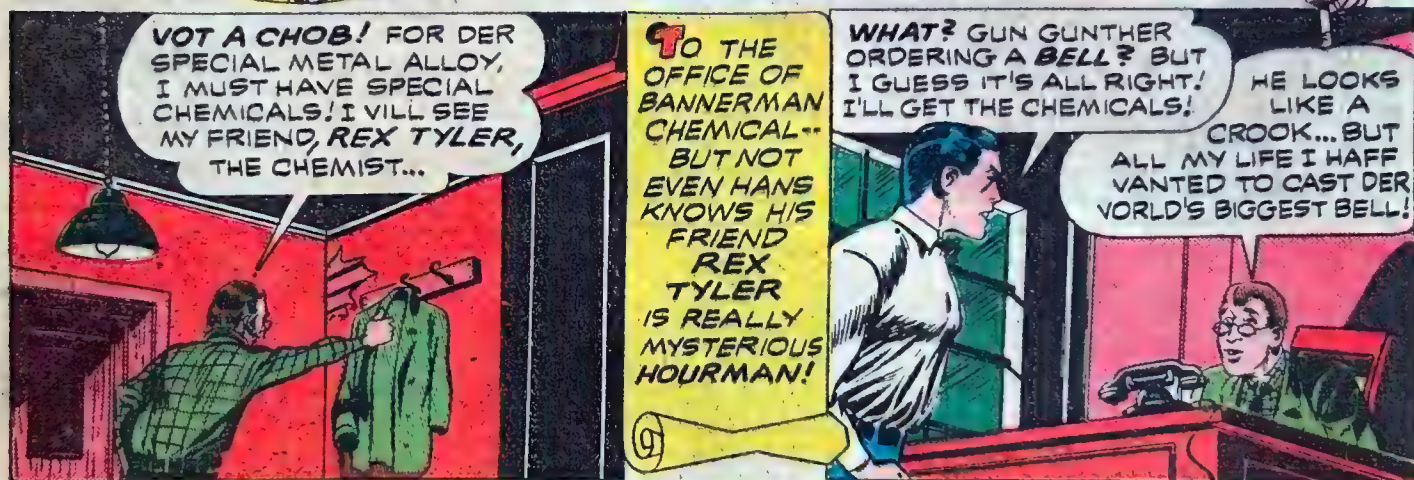
ALL I GOTTA DO IS
PLACE THIS ORDER
AN' ANY BELL-
MAKER'LL TURN
IT OUT?

CERTAINLY! NO ONE
BUT A SCIENTIST COULD
FORESEE THE RESULT...
DEATH... DESTRUCTION...
MADNESS...

BRR-R!! WHEN YOU
HATE THE WORLD, YOU
REALLY FIGURE HOW
TO GET EVEN! BUT
HOW ABOUT
ME AND MY
BOYS?

EACH OF
YOU WILL
WEAR ONE
OF THESE
VIBRO-MITTERS
TO NEUTRALIZE
THE
PULSATIONS!

HOT DOG! OKAY, PROF.,
I'M OFF TO PLACE MY
ORDER!

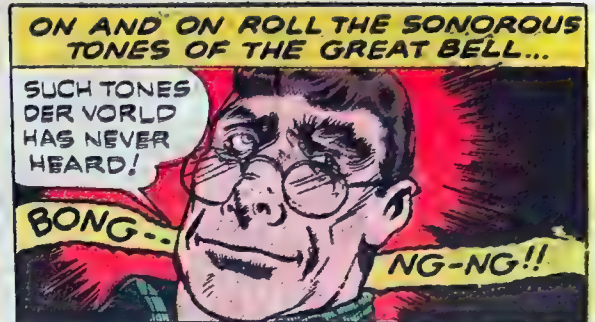




IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, A SINGLE STROKE WITH A PADDED HAMMER...

MY BEAUTIFUL BELL! COME, SING TO ME, MY PRETTY!

BONG!



ON AND ON ROLL THE SONOROUS TONES OF THE GREAT BELL...

SUCH TONES DER WORLD HAS NEVER HEARD!

BONG..

NG-NG!!

UNTIL SUDDENLY THE SWEET TONES BECOME SHARP AGONY!

HELP! DOT RINGING--LIKE HAMMERS POUNDING ON MY BRAIN! NOW I KNOW VOT DER BELL ISS FOR!

I MUST SMASH IT...



NNG-G!

NNGGG



...BEFORE IT SMASHES DER WORLD! I MUST--AH-H-HH!

LIKE A FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER, THE GREAT BELL MERCILESSLY SLAYS ITS CREATOR WITH TERRIBLE PULSATIONS OF SUPER-SOUND!



AT THAT MOMENT, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...

STEP ON IT, PIPER! THE OLD GEEZER PROMISED TO HAVE THE BELL FINISHED TONIGHT!

LOOK AHEAD, BOSS!

IT WORKED! LUCKY WE GOT THE PROF'S VIBRO-MITTERS ON TO NEUTRALIZE THE VIBRATIONS!

LOOK AT THEM PEOPLE, BOSS! THEY'VE ALL GONE CRAZY!

THE BELL!! THAT OLD FOOL MUST HAVE STRUCK THE BELL!



JUST IMAGINE--SOUND WAVES POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SMASH BUILDINGS AND KILL PEOPLE!



A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, REX TYLER IS HALTED ON HIS WAY TO SEE THE BELL...

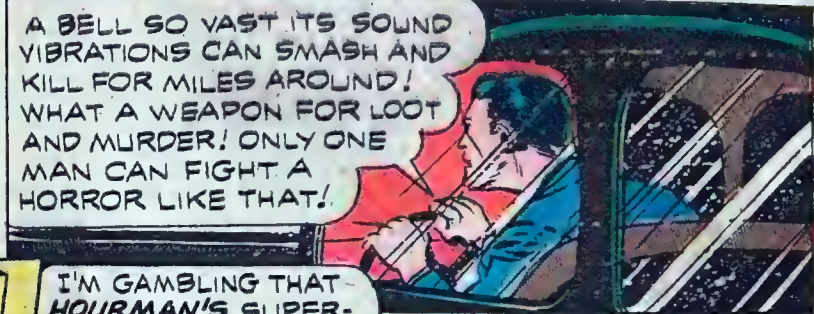
WHAT'S WRONG, OFFICER? HEAR THAT BOOMING NOISE? IF YUH GET ANY CLOSER, IT WILL DRIVE YOU MAD-- LIKE THEM PEOPLE!



THAT NOISE! HANS'S BIG BELL!! SO THAT'S WHY A GANGSTER LIKE GUN GUNTHER ORDERED IT!

NNNGGG-NG-NGIN-N!

A BELL SO VAST ITS SOUND VIBRATIONS CAN SMASH AND KILL FOR MILES AROUND! WHAT A WEAPON FOR LOOT AND MURDER! ONLY ONE MAN CAN FIGHT A HORROR LIKE THAT!

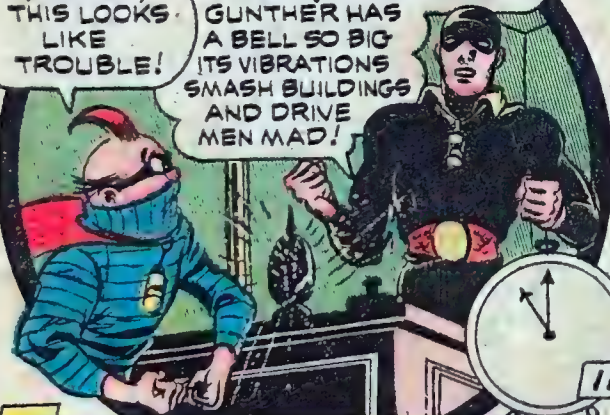


BRIEF EXPOSURE TO THE RAYS OF MIRACLO GIVE REX THE STRENGTH OF FIFTY MEN-- BUT ONLY FOR AN HOUR!

AH-HA! THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

PLENTY, THORNDYKE!

GUNTHER HAS A BELL SO BIG ITS VIBRATIONS SMASH BUILDINGS AND DRIVE MEN MAD!



I'M GAMBLING THAT HOURMAN'S SUPER-STRENGTH CAN ENDURE THE VIBRATIONS CLOSE UP!

HOT DOG!! I FEEL THE URGE TO STRIKE SOMEBODY WITH MY FIST... AND TO DO SO, I MUST GET CLOSER!



IF YOUR EARS RING-- IT ISN'T FROM THE BELL!

AND ONCE AGAIN BECOMES ...HOURMAN!

AN OMINOUS SIGHT MEETS HIS EYES!

GET SET, BOYS! I'LL SLAM IT HARD THIS TIME! WE'LL LOOT ALL THE BUILDINGS THAT CAVE IN!



I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

11:00

11:09

SOCK HIM, PIPER!

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO THE SOUND OF A BELL IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!

YOU SOCK HIM!



11:15

**HOURMAN
MUFFLES
THE
BELL'S
DYING
NOTES!**



HATE TO...
LET THOSE
CROOKS...
GO! BUT...
HAVE TO
STOP THIS
BELL!

11:21

THE LIGHTEST TOUCH
WILL START MURDEROUS
VIBRATIONS! SOME
DEVIL TUNED THE
BELL TO THE MOST
DESTRUCTIVE
SOUND WAVES
KNOWN TO MAN!



**THE PULSATIONS STOPPED, THE
POLICE APPROACH...**

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE,
ANYHOW?

DON'T LET
ANYBODY TOUCH
THIS BELL!



THEN HOW
WE GONNA
DESTROY IT?

I DON'T KNOW! YOU
GUARD IT WHILE I
HUNT OUT THE FIEND
WHO CONCEIVED IT!
WE'LL FIND SOME WAY
TO WRECK IT SAFELY!



I'D LIKE TO SEE
ANYBODY RING
THIS BELL NOW!



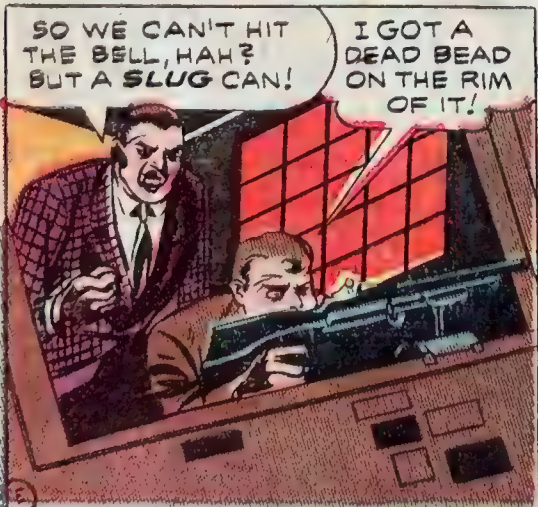
11:32

OUR FIRST JOB IS TO GET
GUNTHER AND FIND OUT
HOW THEY GUARD AGAINST
THE AWFUL VIBRATIONS!

PLEASE, SIR, MAY I KNOCK
HIM DOWN FIRST AND
INQUIRE AFTERWARD?

SO WE CAN'T HIT
THE BELL, HAH?
BUT A SLUG CAN!

I GOT A
DEAD BEAD
ON THE RIM
OF IT!



THEN--
FIRE!

BANG!

**CHAOS FOLLOWS THE GLANCING
BLOW OF THE RIFLE SLUG!**

OWW!!
MY EARS!
MY HEAD!!

HANG ON!
I'LL GET
YOU CLEAR!



A RESCUE ONLY HOURMAN COULD ACCOMPLISH!

I'LL HAVE YOU BEYOND THE WORST OF IT IN A MINUTE!

HOURMAN FIGHTS HIS WAY AGAINST THE RACKING TORTURE OF SUPER-SOUND!

11:38

GOT TO...GO ON...NOT EVEN STRENGTH...OF FIFTY MEN... COULD STAND THIS...VERY LONG...

BEYOND THE WORST FURY OF THE SOUNDS...

STAY THERE! I'LL TRY TO STOP THE BELL!

DON'T, HOURMAN! YOU'LL GO MAD!

ONE CH-CHANCE IN A-A-A TH-TH THOUSAND-O-O!

TIME IS UP...BUT HOURMAN FINDS ONE LAST SURGE OF MIGHTY STRENGTH!

THE GREAT BELL PITCHES DOWN, BURYING ITSELF DEEP IN THE EARTH, ITS MURDEROUS VIBRATIONS HUSHED!

TIME'S N-NEARLY UP! G-GOT T-TO CUT B-BELL L-LOOSE...

12:00

11:59

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YES... WE'VE GOT TO FIND GUNTHER AND HIS GANG-- STOP THEIR LOOTING AND PREVENT THEM FROM RESTORING THE BELL!

HOURLMAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE BULLET THEY FIRED AT THE BELL CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THAT APARTMENT-- LET'S GO!

I CAN'T CARRY ANOTHER GRAND, BOSS!

MEANWHILE...

WE'LL UNLOAD AT HEADQUARTERS AND COME BACK! THE COPS ARE ALL BATS AND HOURLMAN IS DEAD! BOY!

AT GUN GUNTHER'S SECRET HIDEOUT!

LUCKY OUR JOINT WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO GET SMASHED! SOMEBODY SHUT THE DOOR!

OKAY, GUN! I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU...

...AND LOCK IT, TOO!

HOURLMAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

NOW FOR A BIT OF QUIET MAYHEM!

YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR MOWER SHARPENED!

MOW 'EM DOWN...
OOF!

I'LL PLUG HIM!

WALK ON ME, WILL YUH?

HOW I LOVE THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS, BELLS, BELLS...

OW! GET OFF MY EAR SO I CAN LISTEN!

BONG!

BUT THORNDYKE CAN DO PARLOR TRICKS WITH KITCHEN MATCHES!

BULL'S-EYE!
OR SHOULD
I SAY---
YOUR EYE!

OW!
I'M
BLIND!

HAAH! I'LL TEACH
YOU TO DISTURB
ME WHEN I'M IN
MY LABORATORY!

WE DID
ALL RIGHT
WITHOUT
TEACHING!

**A
NEW
FIGURE
ENTERS
THE
FRAY!**

OH, WHAT
JOLLY
GOOD FUN!

THAT'S USING
YOUR HEAD--
ER--PANTS!
NICE WORK,
THORNDYKE!

PREPARE
TO DIE...
OOOF!!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY STOOD
THE VIBRATIONS OF THE BELL!
A TRANSMITTER THAT DAMPED
OFF THE SOUND WAVES!

WE GOT A
CHAIR AT SING
SING THAT
DOES A
GOOD JOB,
TOO!

BUT NOT TOO
BLIND TO SEE
STARS!

LET'S SEE... HOW
DID YOU DO THAT?
OH, YES-- LIKE
THIS, WASN'T IT?

HELP!!
PROF!

SO YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
RUINED MY
GREAT BELL
SCHEME!

SO THAT BELL WAS
YOUR IDEA! I MIGHT
HAVE RECOGNIZED
IT BY THE SMELL
OF RAT!!

HOURLMAN! THANKS
TO YOU WE SAVED
MOST OF THE PEOPLE!
AND WE HAVE THINGS
UNDER CONTROL!

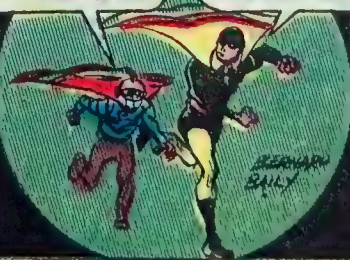
GOOD! HERE ARE
THE RATS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE HORROR!

DON'T LOCK 'EM
UP! JUST INTRO-
DUCE 'EM TO
THE MOBS
OUTSIDE!

THE FIGHT WAS
INTERESTING,
BUT BRIEF!

NEVER MIND...
THERE'LL BE
ANOTHER!

HOURLMAN
RINGS THE
BELL EVERY
MONTH IN
ADVENTURE
Comics!



THE MAN FROM L. A.

by Dan Macy

IN those days, they often used to hold prize fights—exhibitions they called them then—on the stages of theatres. One of the local favorites around Frisco was a stage carpenter, who had been bowling over all comers and was yelling for more. True, few had heard of this carpenter's opponents, outside of the fighter's friends. That's the way things sometimes were run in the ring. And even today, you'll find it.

* * *

So, when the carpenter, in the offices of Promoter Alec Gregains, asked for an opponent and was told that a heavyweight from Los Angeles had written in asking for a fight—with anyone—the offer was readily snapped up. No one had ever heard of the petitioner.

Besides, what had the carpenter to fear? He knew he was a pretty good imitation of Gentleman Jim Corbett. Except for stamina and courage he had all that Corbett had: he was light on his feet, he presented a handsome appearance; he knew how to manage his arms and fists in a very impressive manner.

He was a showman, cocky and confident and he showed it the night of the fight. He danced through the audience and, to show his prowess, leaped nimbly over the ropes into the ring without even touching the posts with his hands.

And there he sat, awaiting the arrival of his opponent, the cynosure of all eyes. It was a few moments before he saw him, and then the carpenter smiled, almost hummed a little tune over the polite, repressed titters of the audience.

For down the aisle, moving with slow, easy gait was an ambling figure. He seemed almost apologetic as he elbowed his way through the crowd, which gaped at the old army overcoat held tightly about the tight-covered body. The man seemed actually shy!

* * *

The carpenter grinned, winked at his manager. This was going to be easy. In his mind's eye, he formulated taunts he would hurl at this slow-moving fellow. Why, the man had the audacity, actually, to ask for a fight with him! Impatiently, the carpenter-fighter flexed his fingers and arms, watched the smooth play of muscles under the health-glowing skin. Meanwhile, his eyes continued to follow the molasses-like progress of the guy from L. A.

Almost contemptuously, the carpenter thought of Los Angeles. It was nothing like Frisco, more a yokel's town. Just the sort of place, he thought, that would send an amateur like this down for a fight with a real boxer.

* * *

As he thought of this, indignation burned within the carpenter. Frowns covered his forehead. Suddenly, as if a signal had been arranged, peals of laughter burst from the audience. The big man, as if trying to escape the stares of the crowd, had forgotten the three ropes encircling the ring.

When he reached them, he started to pull himself through with his bare hands, very awkwardly. Somehow, his toe became entangled in the lower

rope, and he was hurled, head foremost, into the ring. Frantically, he clutched for safety and as he did so, his long army overcoat caught on the upper rope strand and was stripped away.

A gasp came from the crowd, and then the torrent of laughter broke afresh. The man's face was frowning, and his body was covered with hair, thick as any jungle. He pulled himself up, however, and grinned good-naturedly. There was a calm poise on his face now, and some good-natured amiability.

He didn't become angry when one of his opponent's seconds, into whom he had almost fallen, leaped back and in a stentorian voice called out, in mock fear:

"He ain't human! He's a bear!"

The crowd roared its approval and settled back for the fight. They were confident it wouldn't last long. The local boy, big and fast, would make short shrift of this intruder from Los Angeles.

* * *

The carpenter believed it, too, as he sprang from his corner at the bell. He was like a dancing master, a fencing master, even, moving gracefully, thrusting surely. His gloves peppered the big man's face, his body.

Roaring its delight, the crowd cheered on its favorite. Wave after wave of laughter swept through the theatre as the slow-moving outsider made one or two lumbering attempts to hit. It was a magnificent gesture to the air. In the mind's eye of the carpenter, the fight was a farce, to be stopped at will. Anybody could see that this big fel-

low was inexperienced. The carpenter was even beginning to believe the man was muscle-bound.

The bell rang, signalling the end of the round. Slowly, the big man shambled back to his corner, unaware that his graceful opponent was dancing his way back to his own home grounds. There was a frown on the big man's face as he thought of his plan of attack.

He was sure he could win. True, this lad he was fighting was like the wind. It struck and then was away. But sooner or later, he could be hit. The thing to do was await that opportunity. Grimly, the big man swallowed the water his strange seconds pressed upon him. Their eyes blinked as he said, "Thank you," and they stared unbelieving. Why, this fellow had all the manners of Gentleman Jim Corbett, himself. They began to like his good-natured grin.

* * *

They didn't know how much this fight meant to the man. It had been a swell break, getting a bout in a town like Frisco. There, a man could pick up a reputation if he could score a few wins. Even a man to whom fighting was new.

Yes, and it was new. A new, strange game, but ever since that day when he had learned what a hold it had on him, the big man was determined to set a goal and attain it. To those who knew him, there was no doubt about ultimate success. And the man, as he sat there now, awaiting the bell for the second round, knew he had an obligation not to let his friends down. Nor himself.

His clear eyes studied the confident frame of the carpenter, who was leaning back easily on his stool, nodding at friends and indicating that the fight wouldn't last long.

The clang of the bell interrupted the man's thoughts. Once again, he shambled to the center of the ring, like a huge, playful bear.

A left hand brushed off his face, then another. His opponent was moving fast for a big man. Fists beat a tattoo on his body, moved to his face. And every time the man tried to connect with his elusive opponent, he hit nothing but air, or managed glancing blows that did no harm.

The man's lips set. This would never do. There was only one thing to be done: keep boring in. That was the plan!

* * *

Purposefully, he set out to follow him. There's an old saying that nothing can stop a river from going to the sea. Well, that's the way it was now. Time after time, the man missed his opponent, heard the peals of laughter that followed each lumbering attempt, but he set his jaw and pressed on. Those three minutes of the second round seemed like an eternity.

And the third round was no better. The carpenter, confident that he had his opponent where he wanted him, was playing now, striking and dancing away, even turning his head now and then to nod to the crowd. He was getting a little bored with the way this guy from Los Angeles kept coming in. Didn't the man have sense enough to know when he was beaten?

He apparently didn't. He was still there for the fourth round, although the carpenter had piled up enough points for a longer bout. Nimbly, the carpenter danced away again, as the big man lunged. This was getting monotonous. He'd better dazzle the crowd again.

The carpenter moved in close to the big man, intending to shift out of his reach in a move that would upset his opponent.

* * *

Suddenly, his eyes widened. He hadn't realized he was that close! There was a dangerous light in his opponent's eyes that the carpenter saw for just a brief, frantic second, before every light in the place seem-

ed to explode in his face.

He sank to the floor and his seconds tenderly carried him to his corner.

The crowd was on its feet, cheering wildly; the victor was now *their* idol. It is always that way in the fight business. Let a man score an unexpected kayo and he is the new hero of the hour. They gazed in awe-stricken respect at the big man, whose thundering punch had dimmed the hopes of the local pride.

But the big man was oblivious of all this. An expression of bewilderment and anxiety had supplanted the professional frown on his face. He moved toward his late opponent's corner.

Searching, he looked into the face of the carpenter, who was shaking his head. Then, a smile came over his face as, relieved, he saw that the carpenter was not seriously hurt. The big man bent down, grasped his opponent by the hand and said, amiably:

"Too bad, old fellow. Better luck next time!"

* * *

He shambled off to dress then and receive the twenty five dollars he had been promised. Fifteen years later, James J. Jeffries, the heavyweight champion of the world, was to come back to that same city and receive a purse close to a million dollars. He would have achieved his goal.

He's still alive today, that huge man who came down from L. A. for a \$25 fight, still living in his beloved West, still picturesque, teaching boys to fight and live the way he did—to be amiable, to have poise, to be chivalrous, and to fight hard. With those things, he knows, a guy just can't lose!

The End

PRIVATE PETE

Harry Allright



I DON'T BELIEVE HE CAN DO IT!



WAIT HERE - I'LL SEE IF THE SERGEANT WILL SEE YOU -

CAMP ENTRANCE



SAY, SARGE, THERE'S A GUY OUTSIDE WHO SAYS HE CAN MAKE THINGS INVISIBLE. MUST BE A CRACKPOT, EH?



here it is again!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

ANOTHER COMPLETE FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE OF THE **JUSTICE SOCIETY**

FEATURING ALL YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS



AXIS AGENTS SHANGHAI THE JUSTICE SOCIETY INTO ROCKET SHIPS AND SEND THEM TO SCATTERED PLANETS IN THE UNIVERSE!

Read THIS NEWEST STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF ALL "SHANGHAIED INTO SPACE"

BE SURE TO GET THIS ISSUE TO SEE HOW YOU CAN JOIN THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA !!

ENERGY TO GET THERE!



THE "JEEP" DEPENDS ON ENERGY!

These small-armored cars pack a mighty wallop of energy created from the fuel they burn—energy that has given the "Jeep" a reputation for "getting there!"

YOUR ENERGY DEPENDS ON FOOD YOU EAT!

"Jeepers", your body needs energy too—to "get there"—energy from fuel that the human motor utilizes—food!

BABY RUTH IS RICH IN FOOD-ENERGY!

A Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is rich in Dextrose, and other nourishing ingredients. It helps give you a quick "pick-up"! So enjoy Baby Ruth's delectable goodness . . . its tempting flavor. Treat yourself to a delicious, inexpensive Baby Ruth every day!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Tell Moms to try this New Recipe . . . Deliciously different cookies are easy-to-make with Baby Ruth

- ½ cup butter, or other shortening
- ¾ cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1½ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth Bars, cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients. Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Makes 75 cookies.

Fun to make ☆ Fun to eat

SEND A BOX TO THE BOY IN CAMP!

Rich in Dextrose
the sugar your body uses directly for
ENERGY

Jimmy:
"Baby Ruth
Candy Bars
taste awell!"



FOR VICTORY
BUY
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND
STAMPS

GENIUS JONES

by

STAN KAYE

AND

AL BESTER



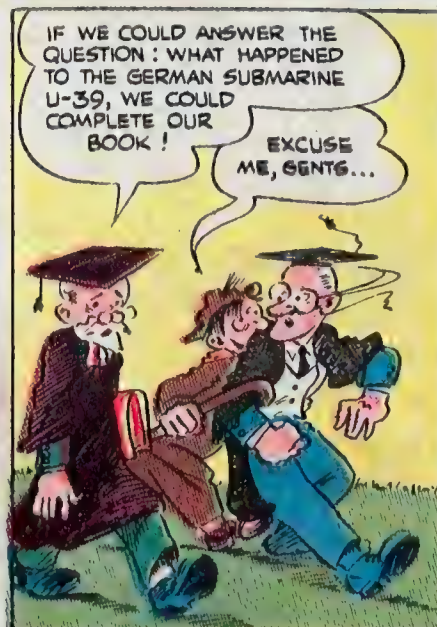
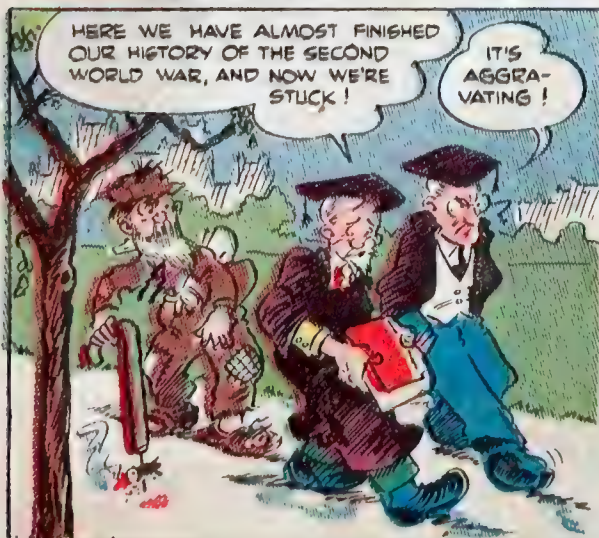
GENIUS JONES DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT
THIS WAS THE TIME HE ANSWERED A
QUESTION THAT WOULDN'T BE ASKED
UNTIL FIFTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE...
THAT WAS WHEN HE UNTANGLED —

"THE CASE OF THE LOVE-SICK SUBMARINE!"

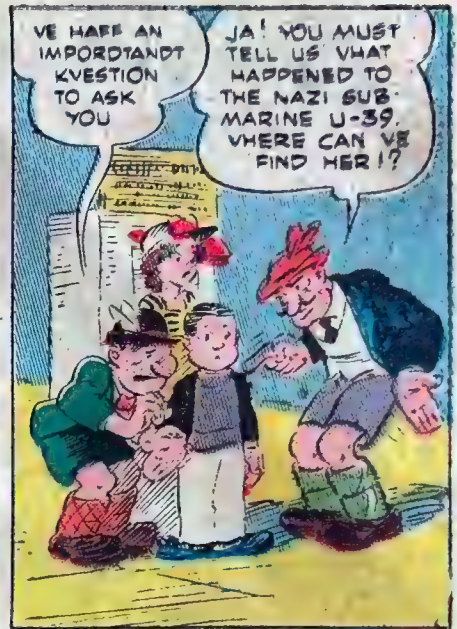
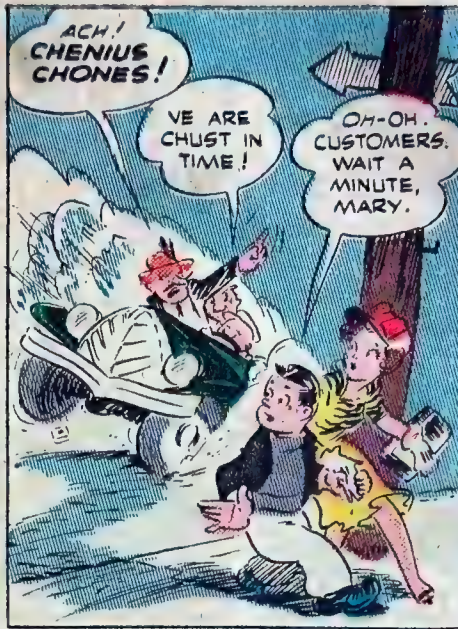
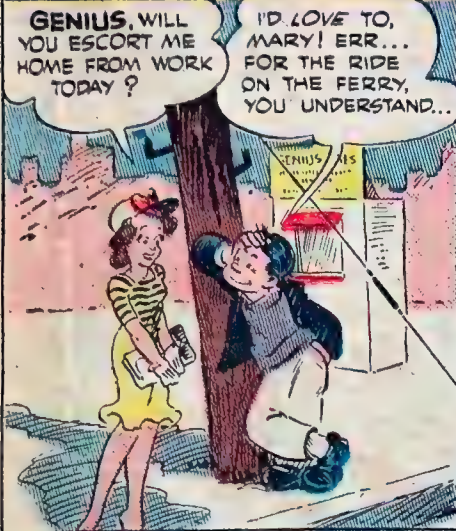
TIME 8 1992 A.D.

PLACE 8 ELI HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

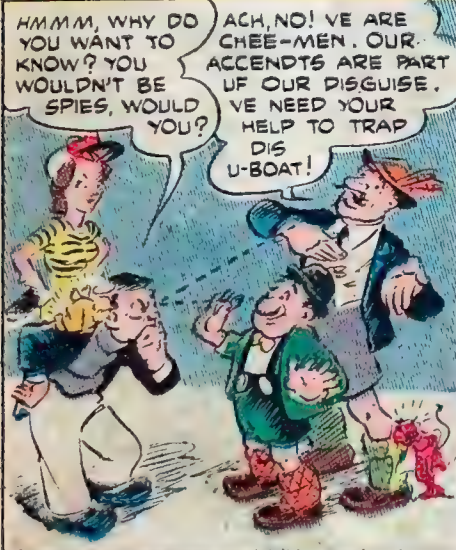
PEOPLE 8 TWO IMPORTANT HISTORY PROFESSORS.



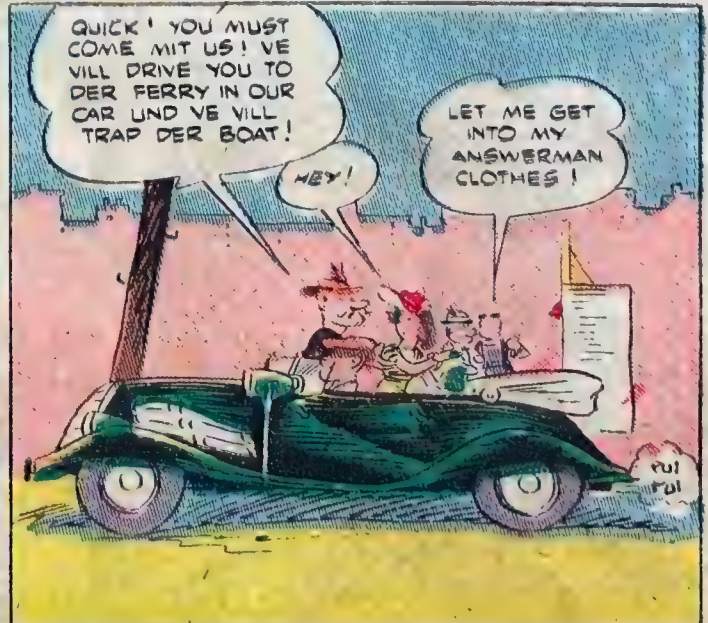
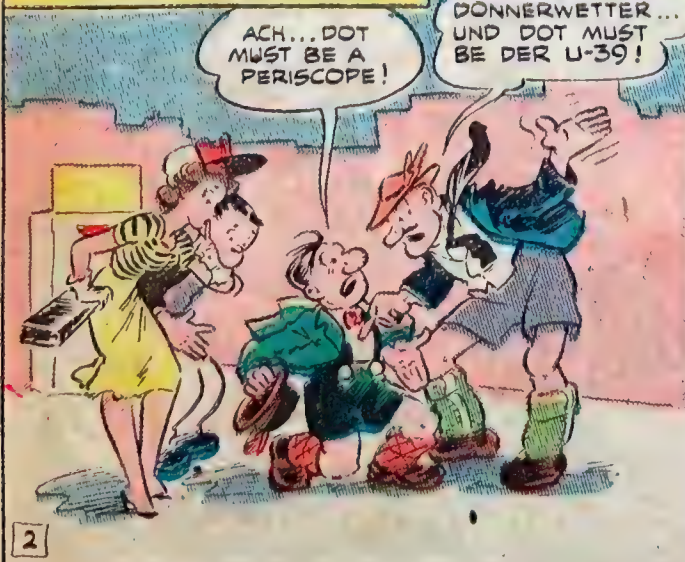
IT ALL BEGAN (THE ANCIENT BEGGAR SAID) WHEN MARY BROWN ASKED GENIUS JONES TO TAKE HER HOME...



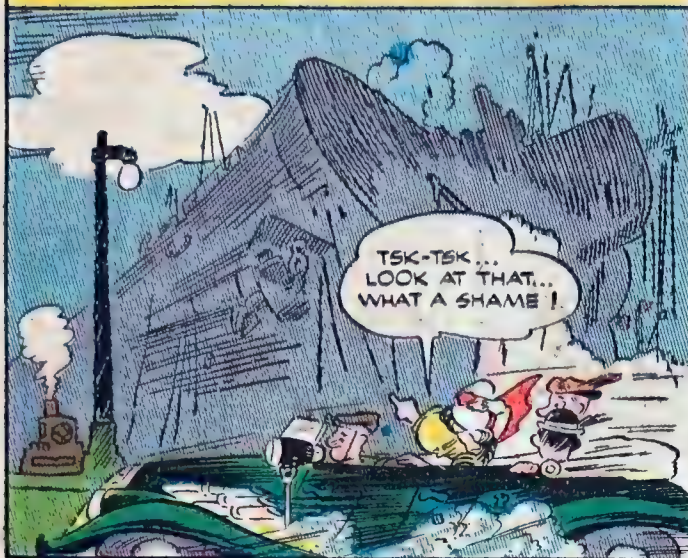
GENIUS JONES' SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED... THEN CALMED!



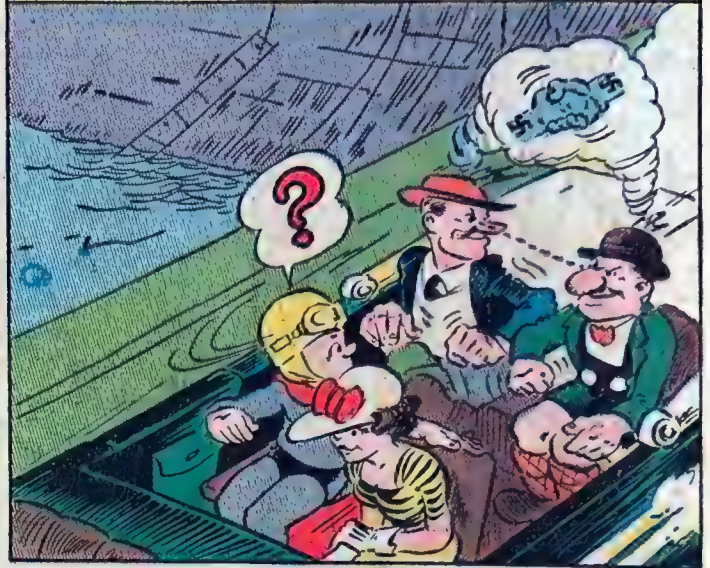
THE G-MEN WERE KEYS TO A FEVER PITCH BY MARY'S ANNOUNCEMENT!



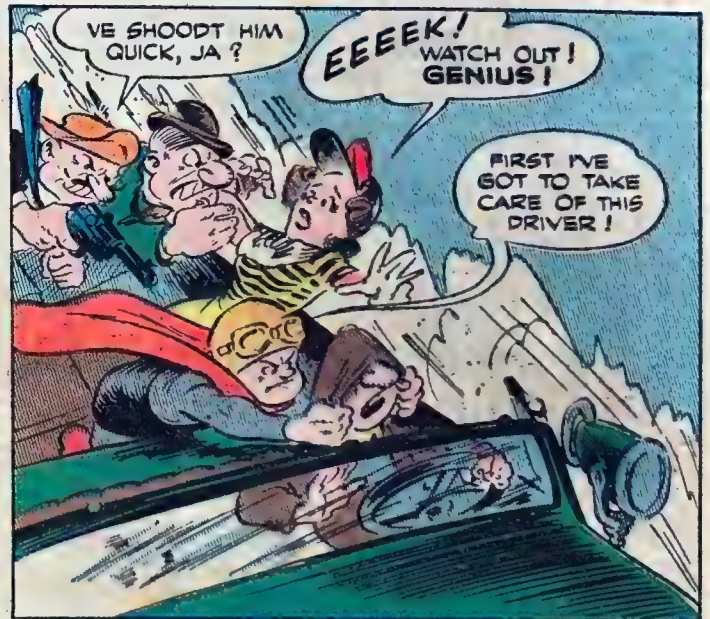
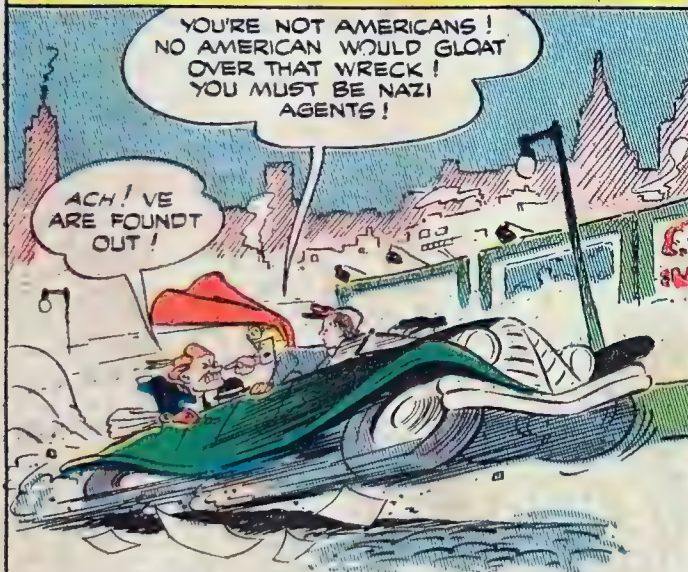
BUT AS THEY DROVE DOWN THE HIGHWAY, THEY PASSED THE SUNKEN "NORMANDIE!"



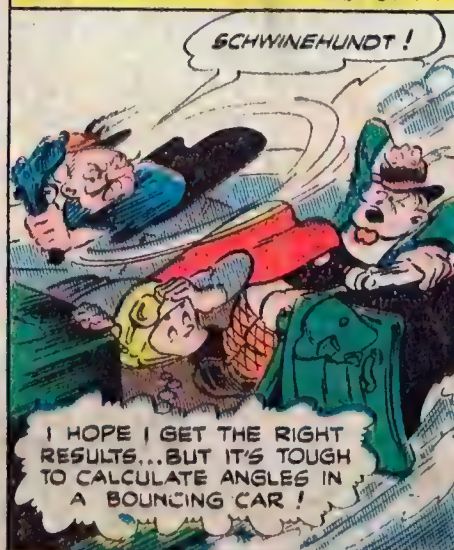
AND WHEN GENIUS JONES GLANCED BACK AT THE G-MEN...

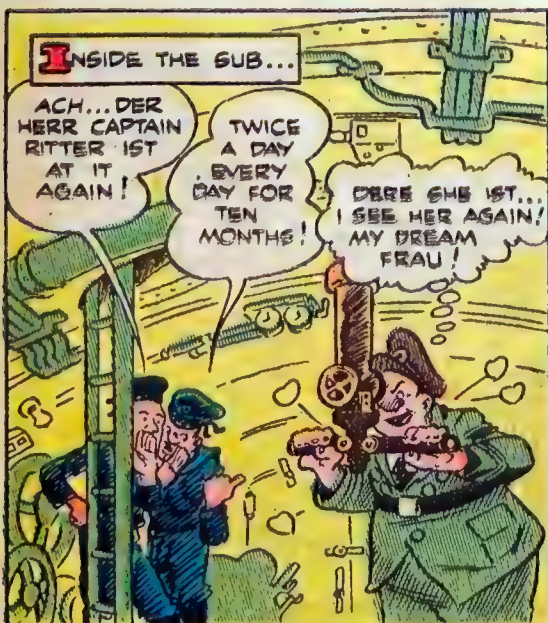
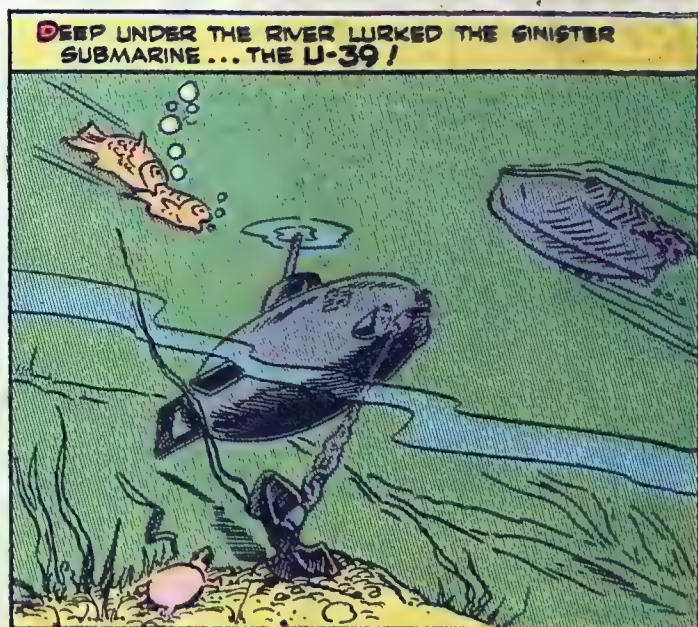
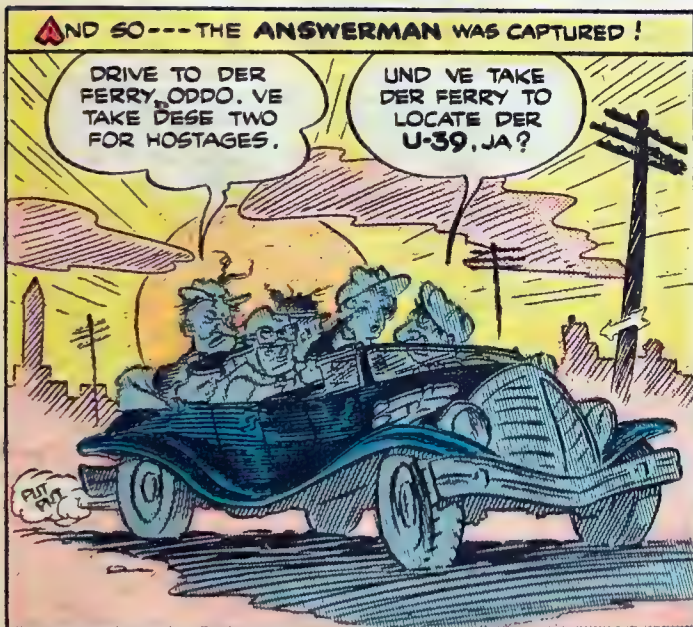


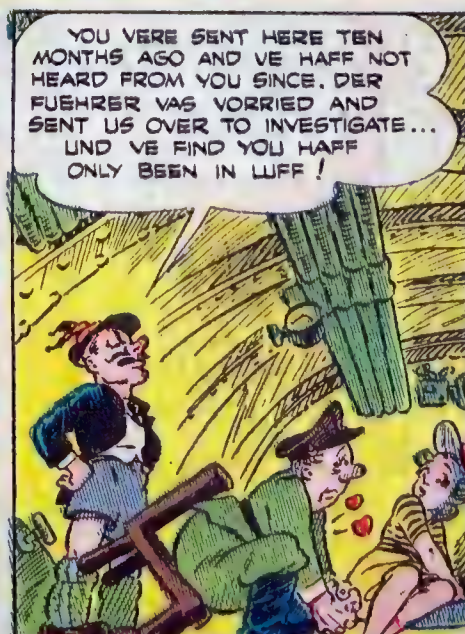
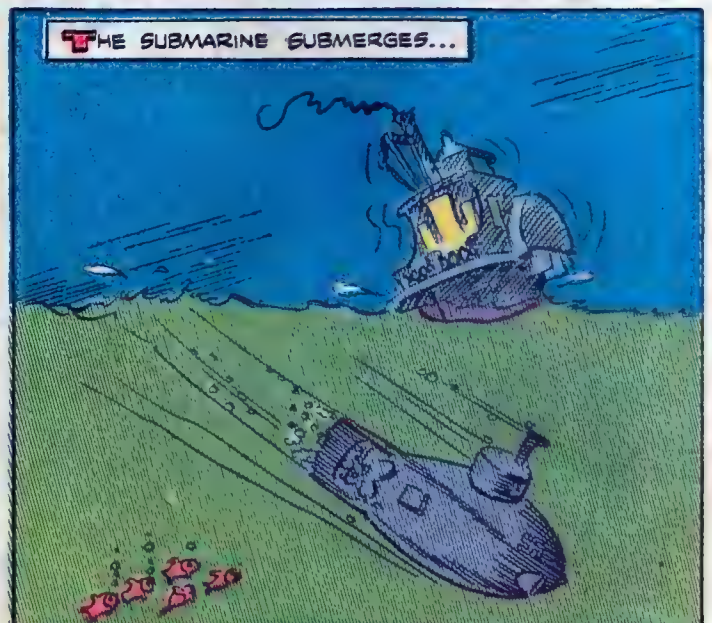
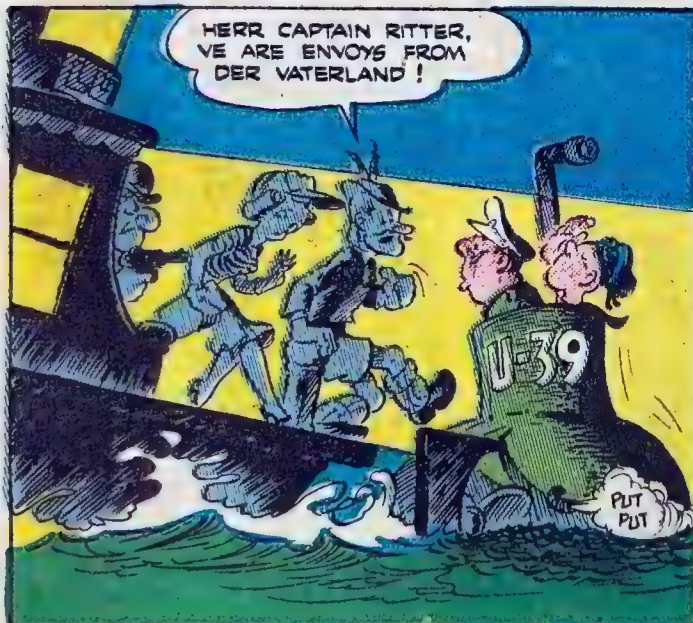
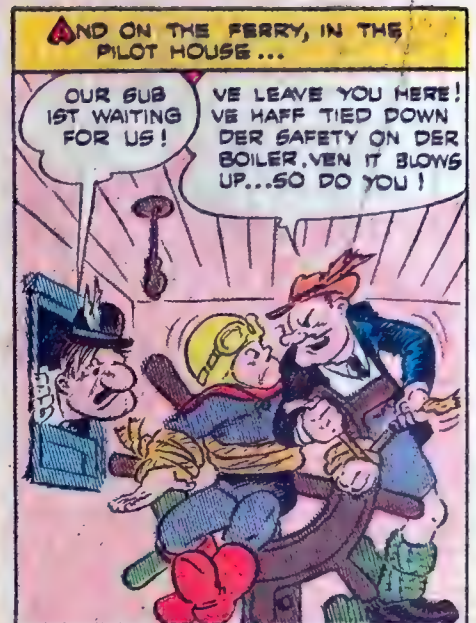
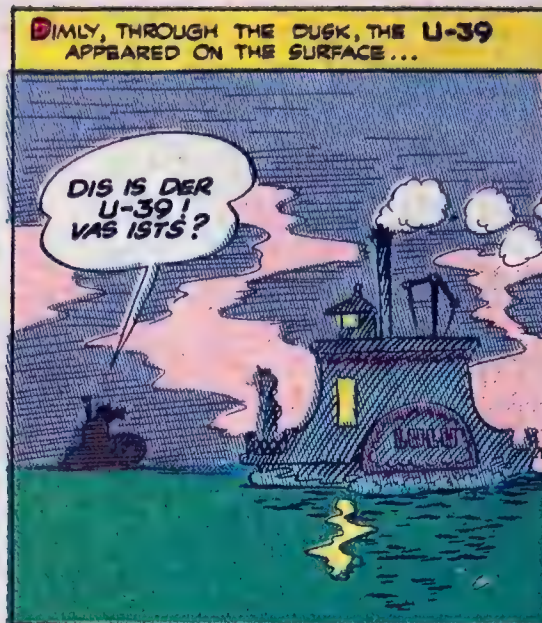
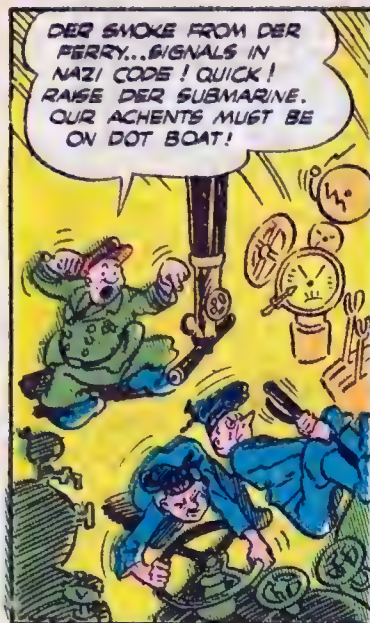
THE ANSWERMAN'S SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED!



CALCULATING WITH SUPERHUMAN
SPEED, GENIUS JONES WAITED
FOR THE RIGHT BLOW TO DODGE...



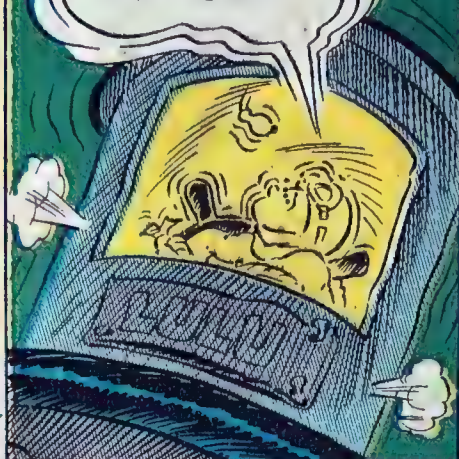




MEANWHILE, ON A BOAT SHAKING WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF AN IMPENDING BOILER BLOW-UP...



G-GOLLY! THIS F-FERRY W-WILL B-BLOW UP ANY M-MINUTE! G-GOT TO D-DO SOMETHING... IF ONLY I C-COULD REACH TH-THAT WHISTLE C-CORD!

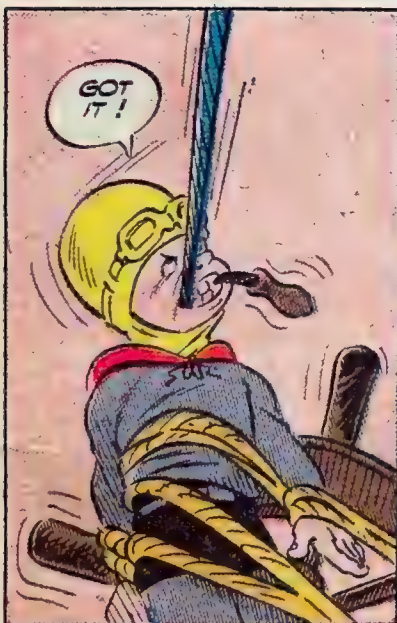


IDEA! AND GENIUS JONES KICKS OUT WITH HIS FOOT, SO THAT THE WHEEL REVOLVES...

CENTRIFUGAL FORCE WILL LOOSEN THESE ROPES ENOUGH TO LET ME REACH THE CORD!



GOT IT!



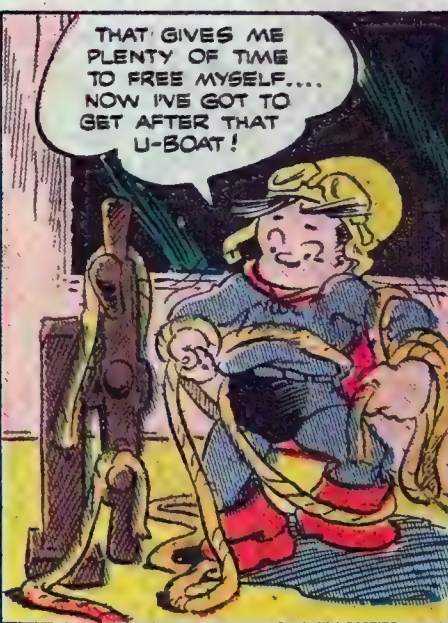
LIVE STEAM BLEW IN A CONSTANT STREAM THROUGH THE FERRY WHISTLE...



UNTIL THE LAST PERILOUS POUNDS OF PRESSURE BLEW OUT OF THE BOILER!

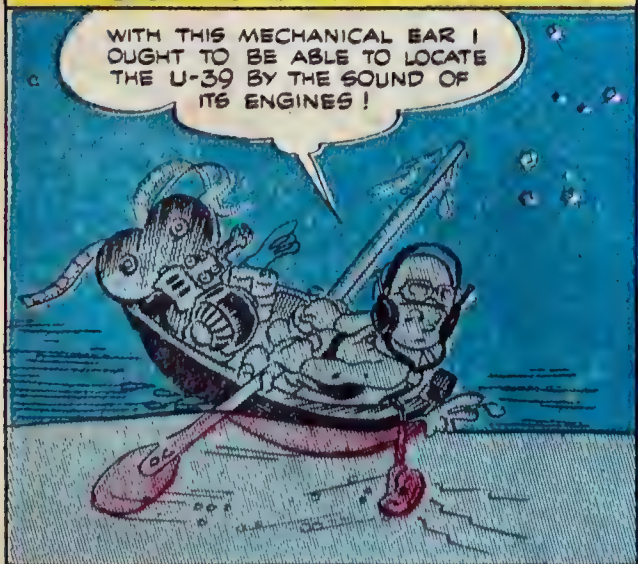


THAT GIVES ME PLENTY OF TIME TO FREE MYSELF... NOW I'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THAT U-BOAT!



AN HOUR LATER, THE ANSWERMAN BEGAN HIS HUNT!

WITH THIS MECHANICAL EAR I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO LOCATE THE U-39 BY THE SOUND OF ITS ENGINES!

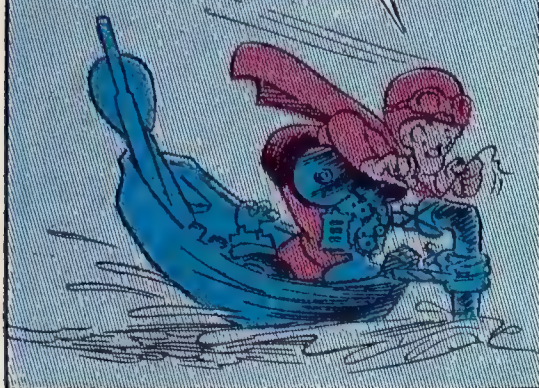


AT LAST! I'VE LOCATED IT! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT THE PERISCOPE ANY MINUTE... AH, THERE IT IS NOW!



HITCHING HIS ROWBOAT TO THE U-BOAT'S PERISCOPE, GENIUS JONES WORKED SWIFTLY...

IF THE FOUR-STAR DOUBLE FEATURE I'M GOING TO SHOW WITH THIS MOVIE PROJECTOR DOESN'T BRING THEM UP...NOTHING WILL!



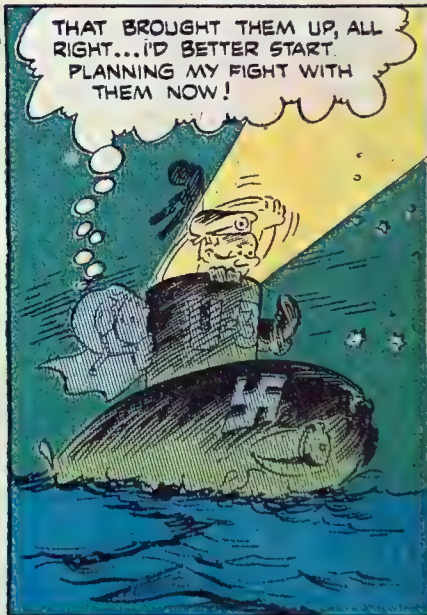
AND IN THE DEPTHS...



THE PERPLEXED SUBMARINE SHOT UP TO THE SURFACE...



THAT BROUGHT THEM UP, ALL RIGHT...I'D BETTER START PLANNING MY FIGHT WITH THEM NOW!



HELP!



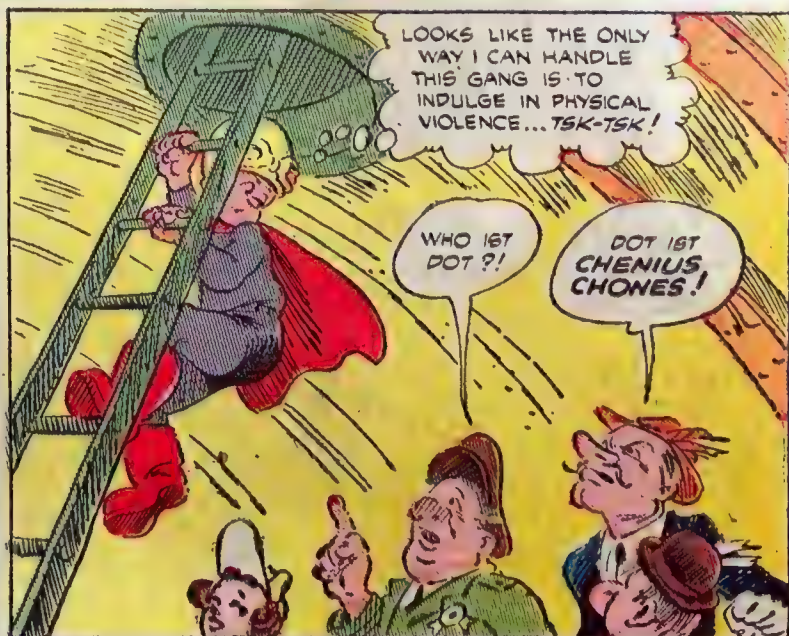
WELL...IF THE REST OF THEM WON'T COME UP, I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN AFTER THEM!

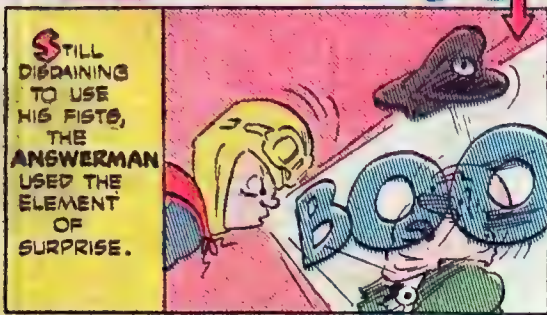
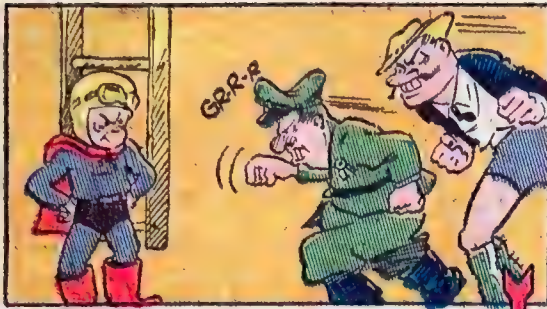


LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY I CAN HANDLE THIS GANG IS TO INDULGE IN PHYSICAL VIOLENCE...TSK-TSK!

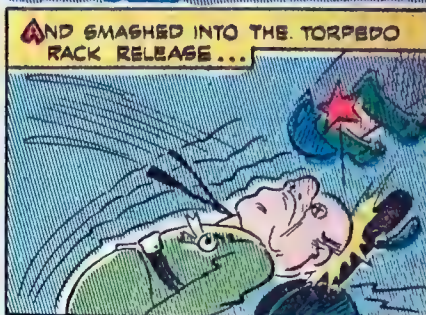
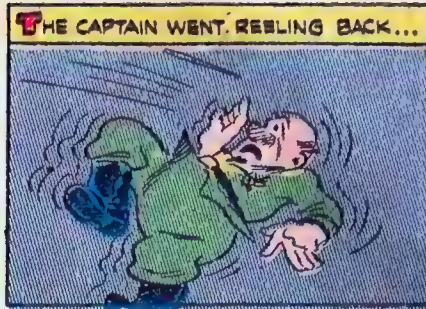
WHO IST DOT ?!

DOT IST CHENIUS CHONES!

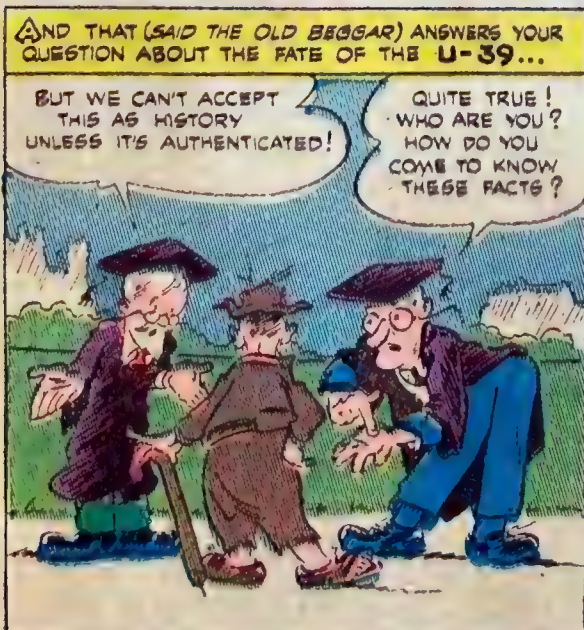
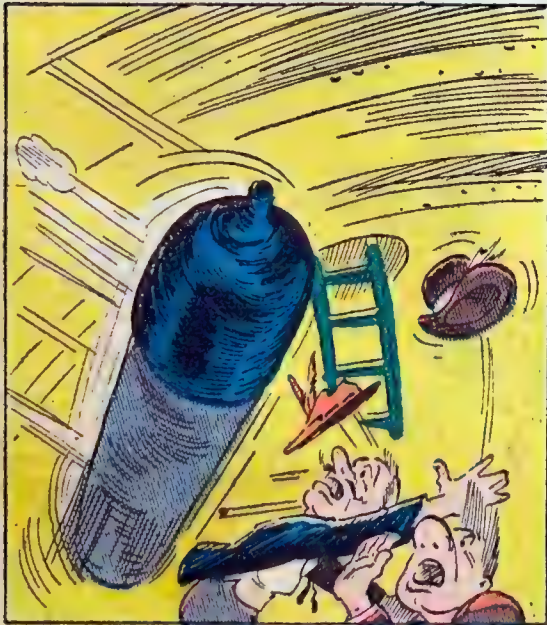
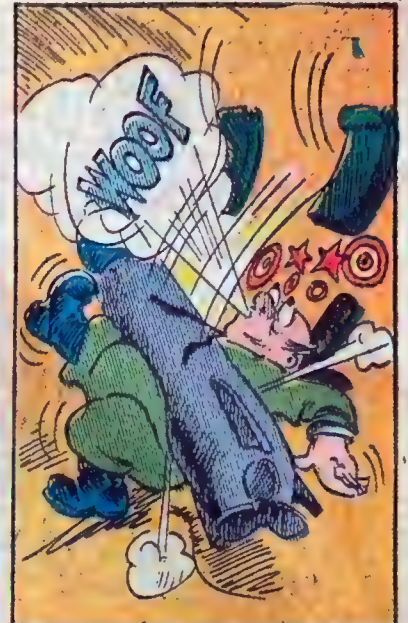




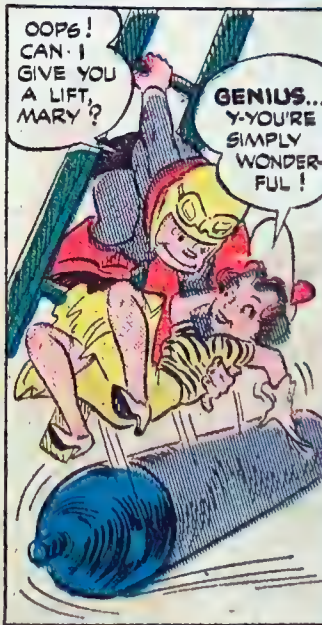
STILL DISDAINING TO USE HIS FISTS, THE ANSWERMAN USED THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.



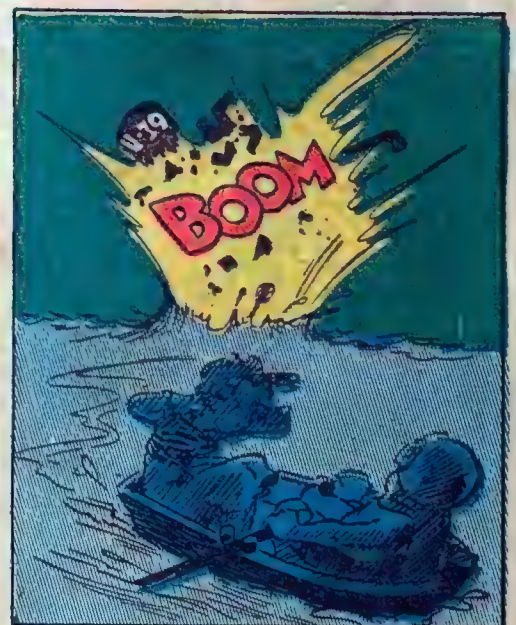
THE CAPTAIN WENT REELING BACK... AND SMASHED INTO THE TORPEDO RACK RELEASE...



AND THAT (SAID THE OLD BEGGAR) ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION ABOUT THE FATE OF THE U-39... BUT WE CAN'T ACCEPT THIS AS HISTORY UNLESS IT'S AUTHENTICATED! QUITE TRUE! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU COME TO KNOW THESE FACTS?



OOPS! CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT, MARY? GENIUS... Y-YOU'RE SIMPLY WONDERFUL!



I OUGHT TO KNOW THEM... I'M ADOLF HITLER!



GENIUS JONES SAYS: "BE A MINUTE MAN. BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!"

STANLEY KATE

The **SHINING KNIGHT**



FROM A THOUSAND YEARS AGO... TORN FROM THE MERRIE CAMELOT COURT COMES THE SHINING KNIGHT, SWASH-BUCKLING CHAMPION OF MODERN JUSTICE IN THE MEDIEVAL MANNER --- DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES HE COMES TO FACE A CRISIS THAT WOULD BAFFLE ANY MODERN IN "THE MYSTERY OF THE SHINING KNIGHT'S RIVAL."

NIGHT! AND AS THE SHINING KNIGHT RIDES ON HIS REGULAR PATROL...

HOLA! SHOTS AND SHOUTS FROM YON LOW TAVERN MEAN TROUBLE!

MIKE'S TAVERN



THERE HE GOES! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

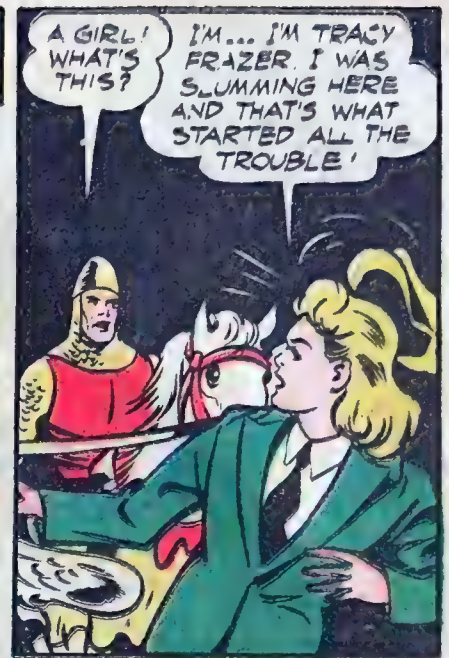
MIKE'S TAVERN



AS THE SHINING KNIGHT SNATCHES UP THE FLEEING URCHIN WITH HIS LANCE-POINT...

HOLA! KNAVE... WHAT MEANS THIS RIOTING AND RUNNING?

LET ME DOWN! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...



A GIRL! WHAT'S THIS?

I'M... I'M TRACY FRAZER. I WAS SLUMMING HERE AND THAT'S WHAT STARTED ALL THE TROUBLE!



ENTRANCED BY THE YOUNG MADCAP DEBUTANTE, THE SHINING KNIGHT TURNS ESCORT---

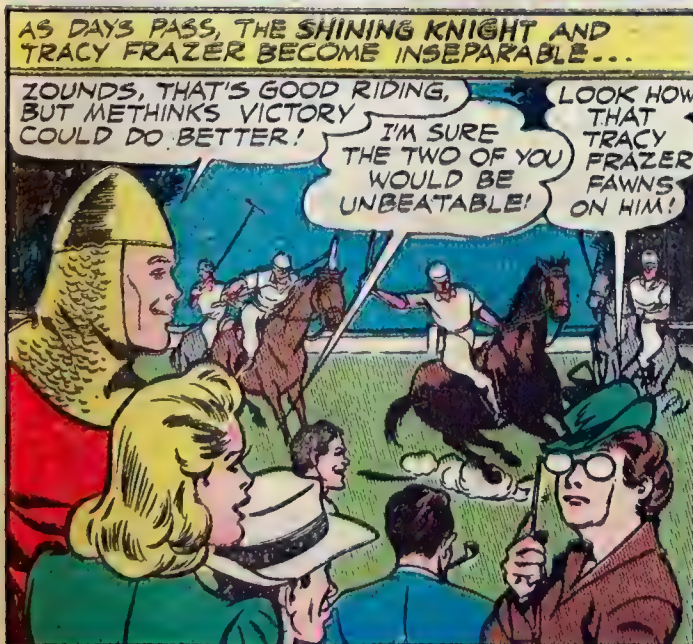
YOU MUST BE THE SHINING KNIGHT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT!

AYE... AND YOU'RE THE DARING DEBUTANTE THE PAPERS SPEAK SO MUCH OF... I THINK I'D BEST SEE YOU HOME AND OUT OF DANGER!



THANK YOU FOR SEEING ME HOME, KNIGHT. PLEASE COME INSIDE. I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

I WILL WITH PLEASURE, LADY FRAZER.

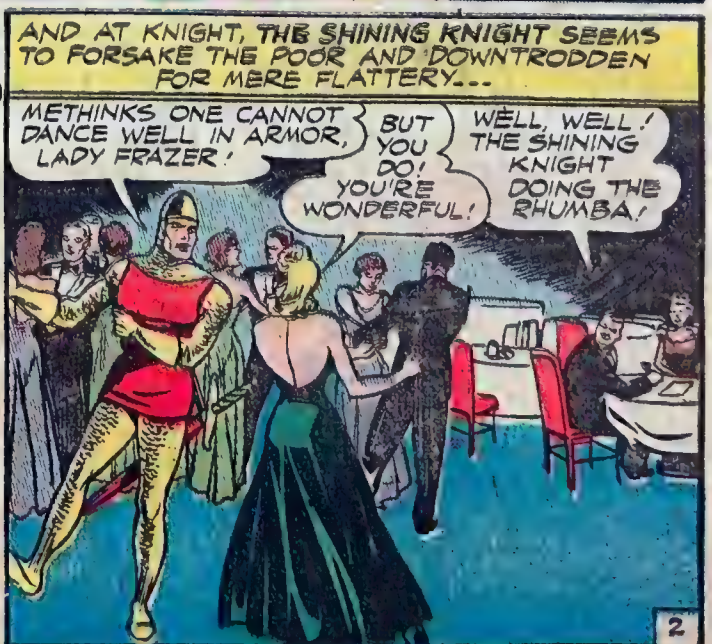


AS DAYS PASS, THE SHINING KNIGHT AND TRACY FRAZER BECOME INSEPARABLE...

ZOUNDS, THAT'S GOOD RIDING, BUT METHINKS VICTORY COULD DO BETTER!

I'M SURE THE TWO OF YOU WOULD BE UNBEATABLE!

LOOK HOW THAT TRACY FRAZER FAWNS ON HIM!



AND AT KNIGHT, THE SHINING KNIGHT SEEMS TO FORSAKE THE POOR AND DOWNTRODDEN FOR MERE FLATTERY...

METHINKS ONE CANNOT DANCE WELL IN ARMOR, LADY FRAZER!

BUT YOU DO! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

WELL, WELL! THE SHINING KNIGHT DOING THE RHUMBA!

WHILE EVE, ENRAGED AT THE SHINING KNIGHT'S SURRENDER TO VANITY, DEVISES THE PLAN OF A JEALOUS GIRL!

SO HE'S FORGOTTEN ME FOR THAT LITTLE FLIRT, HAS HE? WELL, I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM JEALOUS! I'LL START GOING OUT WITH JUSTIN!



BUT EVE DOES NOT KNOW THAT JUSTIN AND THE SHINING KNIGHT ARE ONE AND THE SAME MAN!

ALL RIGHT, IT'S A DATE. PICK ME UP AT EIGHT!



NOW I'M IN A PRETTY PICKLE... FOR I'VE ALREADY GIVEN MY KNIGHTLY PLEDGE TO TRACY TO BE AT HER PENTHOUSE PARTY TONIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF A PLAN!

IT WORKED, AND MERLIN COULD NOT HAVE DONE BETTER, NOW TO DON MY GOLDEN MAIL AND KEEP MY WORD TO TRACY!



OH, JUSTIN!



WHAT IS IT, EVE?

SUDDENLY, EVE TURNS ALL HER CHARM ON THE BOY WHO HAS ALWAYS PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE TO THE SHINING KNIGHT!

I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT... AND... I WONDERED IF YOU WERE BUSY?

B-BUSY? N-NO! I... I'D BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU OUT TONIGHT, EVE!



THAT NIGHT, JUSTIN SQUIRES EVE TO A SWANK MOVIE OPENING ON BROADWAY...

BUT WHY ARE YOU TAKING ME HERE, JUSTIN? IT'LL BE SO CROWDED!

S'WOUNDS! THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTING ON!



SORRY... ONLY ONE SEAT LEFT

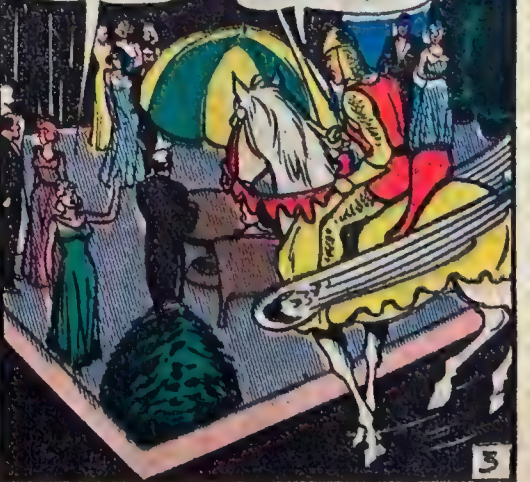
TAKE IT, EVE! I'LL SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE HOUSE!



QUICK CHANGE TO GLITTERING ARMOR AND THE SHINING KNIGHT. KEEPS HIS SECOND DATE OF THE EVENING!

AH, MY BRAVE AND TRUE KNIGHT! WELCOME TO MY PARTY!

GREETINGS, TRACY! BUT I CANNOT STAY LONGER THAN AN HOUR!



BUT AT LEAST YOU'LL REMAIN FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT! I'VE HAD MY SWIMMING POOL SPECIALLY ILLUMINATED FOR AN AQUATIC SHOW!

AS THE HEAVY CURTAINS ARE DRAWN ASSUNDER...

WH-WHAT'S THIS?

WHO ARE THOSE... THOSE PERSONS?

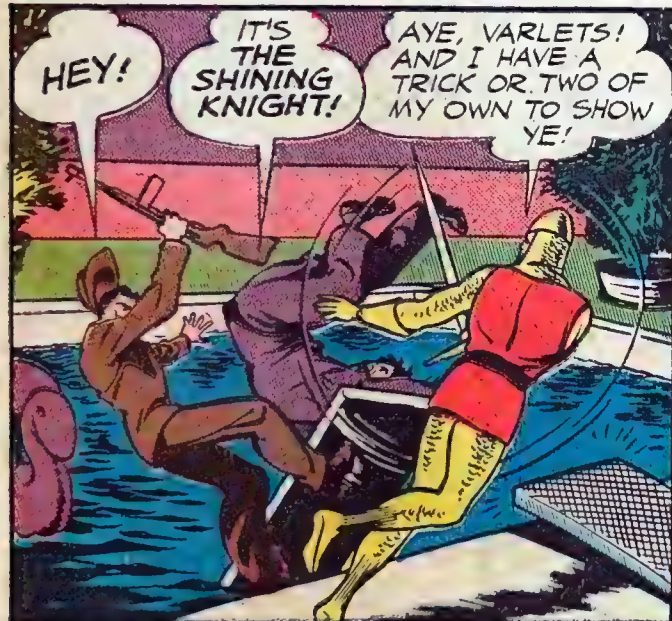
HI, FOLKS! SORRY YOUR SWIMMERS COULDN'T SHOW UP! WE'RE TAKING THEIR PLACE WITH ANOTHER KIND OF SHOW... CALLED A STICK-UP!



HEY!

IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!

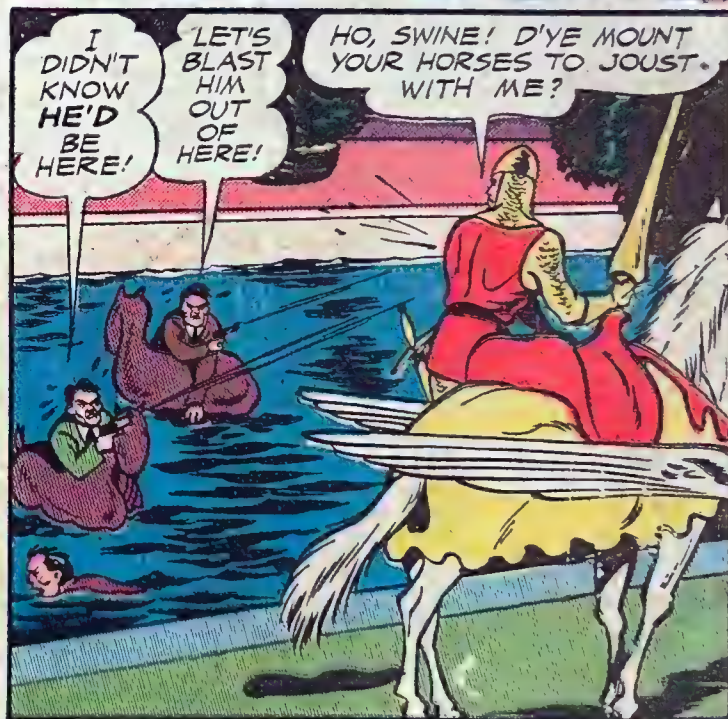
AYE, VARLETS! AND I HAVE A TRICK OR TWO OF MY OWN TO SHOW YE!



I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D BE HERE!

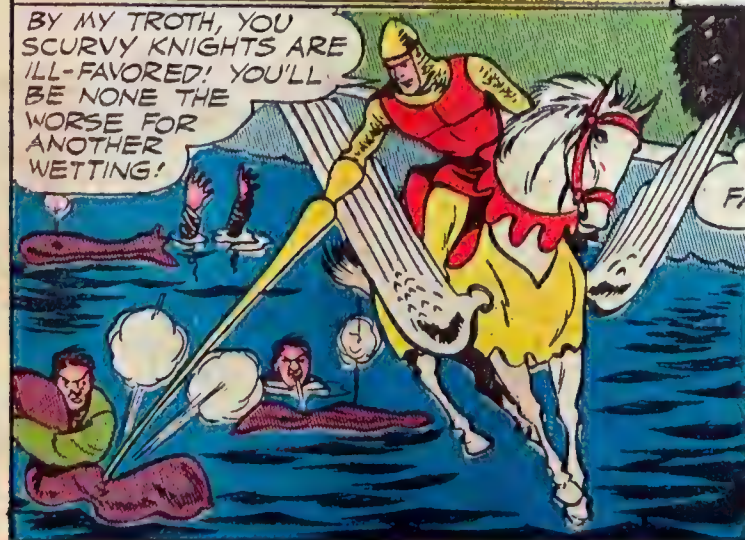
LET'S BLAST HIM OUT OF HERE!

HO, SWINE! D'YE MOUNT YOUR HORSES TO JOUST WITH ME?



AS WINGED VICTORY SWOOPS LOW, SWIFT LANCE-THRUSTS PIERCE THE RUBBER HORSES!

BY MY TROTH, YOU SCURVY KNIGHTS ARE ILL-FAVORED! YOU'LL BE NONE THE WORSE FOR ANOTHER WETTING!



MEANWHILE...

NEVER MIND THE SHINING KNIGHT! OUR BOYS'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! GET THIS SWAG... FAST!

NICE DIAMOND NECKLACE YOU GOT THERE, LADY! MIND IF I LOOK AT IT?





HEY!

LOOK OUT!

KNAVES! DID YOU THINK ANY OF YOUR THUGS WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF ME?

AS BLUE-COATED POLICE POUR INTO THE PENTHOUSE---

SO IT'S PINKEY MICHELL'S GANG UP TO THE OLD TRICKS AGAIN!

NICE WORK, KNIGHT! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HOLD OF THIS MOB FOR QUITE SOME TIME!



WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS STUFF ALONG FOR EVIDENCE, FOLKS. YOU'LL GET IT BACK IN A FEW DAYS

IN THE MEANTIME... HERE'S YOUR RECEIPT FOR YOUR VALUABLES!



BUT OUTSIDE THE WEALTHY APARTMENT HOUSE AN AMAZING CHANGE TAKES PLACE---

NICE WORK, JOE... EVERYTHING WENT PERFECT!

YEAH... THEY FELL FOR THE PHONEY COP ROUTINE. IT'S A NATURAL!

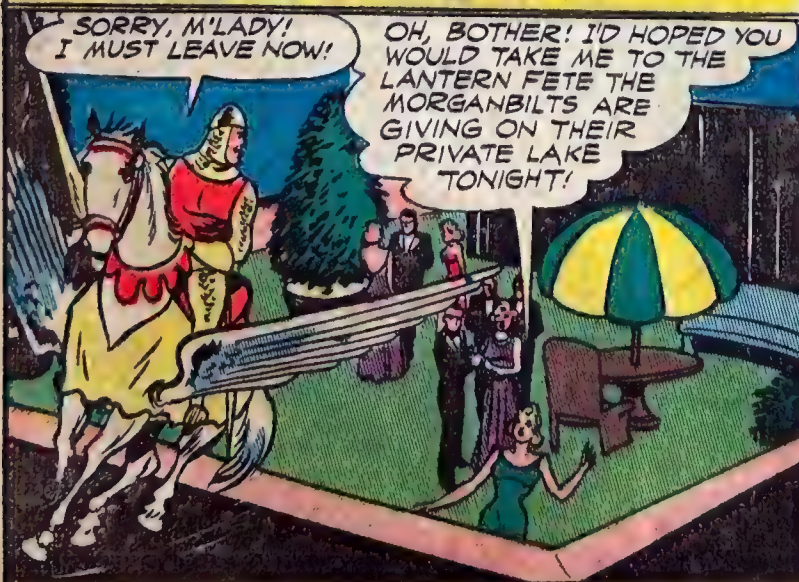


AND THIS MAKES A PERFECT GETAWAY. NOBODY'D THINK OF STOPPING COPS WITH ARRESTED CROOKS!

ALL RIGHT... LET'S HURRY UP! WE GOT ANOTHER JOB TO PULL OVER AT THE BROADHAT THEATER THERE'S GONNA BE A WEALTHY CROWD COMING OUT OF THERE!



WHILE ALOFT... THE UNSUSPECTING SHINING KNIGHT LEAVES THE PENTHOUSE PARTY---



SORRY, M'LADY! I MUST LEAVE NOW!

OH, BOTHER! I'D HOPED YOU WOULD TAKE ME TO THE LANTERN FETE THE MORGANBILTS ARE GIVING ON THEIR PRIVATE LAKE TONIGHT!



EGAD! I GOT RID OF MY ARMOR IN THE NICK OF TIME! I HOPE EVE SUSPECTS NOTHING!

ONCE AGAIN AS INNOCENT JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT MEETS EVE AS THE PICTURE ENDS---

OH, THERE YOU ARE, JUSTIN. DID YOU GET A GOOD SEAT?

I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING... ER... I MEAN... THE ORCHESTRA!

DIDN'T YOU THINK RONALD RATHBONE WAS WONDERFUL?

R-RONALD RA...? UH... OH, YES, YES, INDEED! HE WAS SPLENDID!

BUT AS THE SWANK SOCIETY AUDIENCE CROWDS OUT THROUGH THE LOBBY---

DON'T GET EXCITED, FOLKS! THIS STICK-UP IS JUST AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!

IT'S A HOLD-UP! HELP!

BRAVELY, EVE SETS AN EXAMPLE FOR A MAN WHOM SHE KNOWS CAN NEVER EQUAL THE SHINING KNIGHT!

THAT, FOR YOUR HOLD-UP! COME ON, JUSTIN! SHOW THEM YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THAT FLATTERY-CRAZY KNIGHT!

OWWW!

OW!

WHO IS THIS GUY?

JUST A STAND-IN FOR THE SHINING KNIGHT!

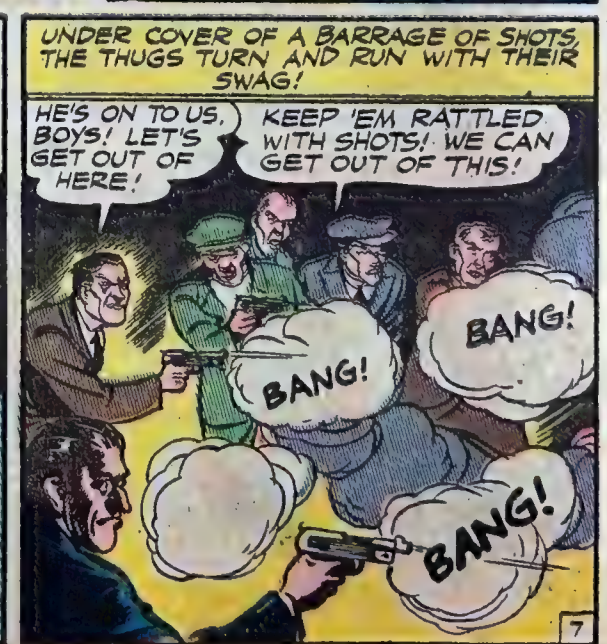
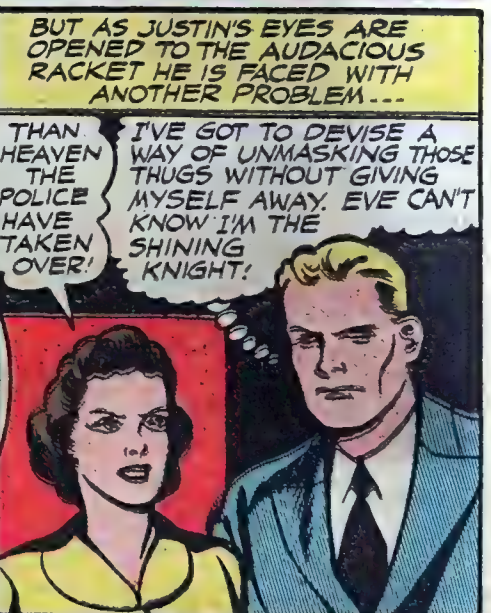
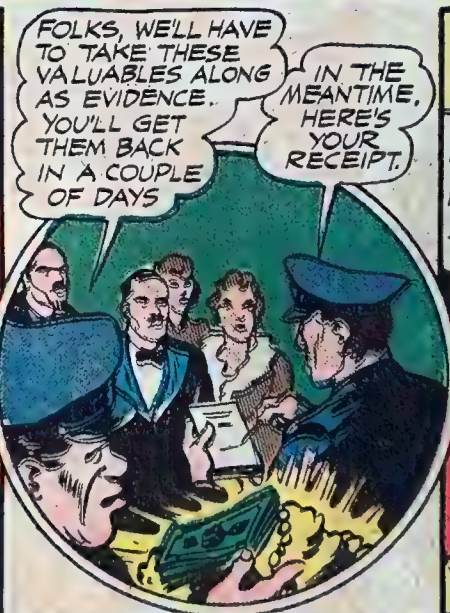
THE SHINING KNIGHT?

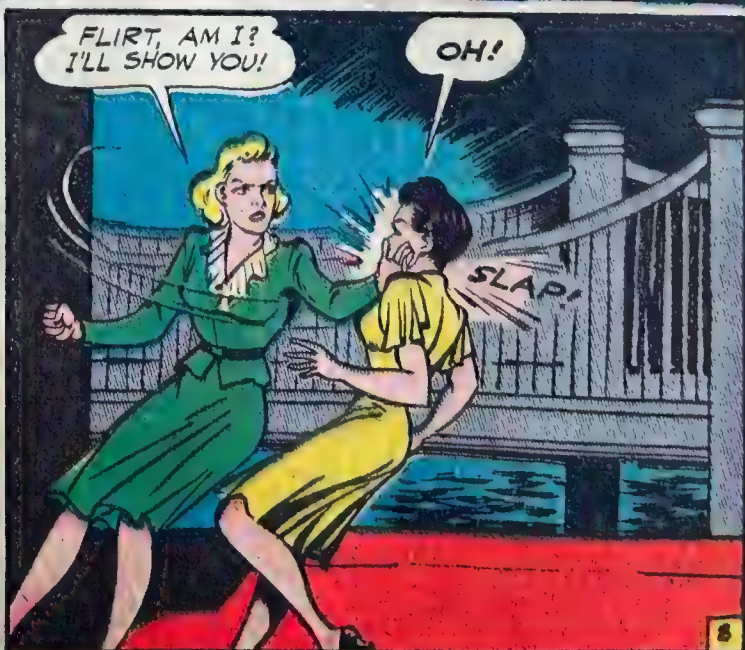
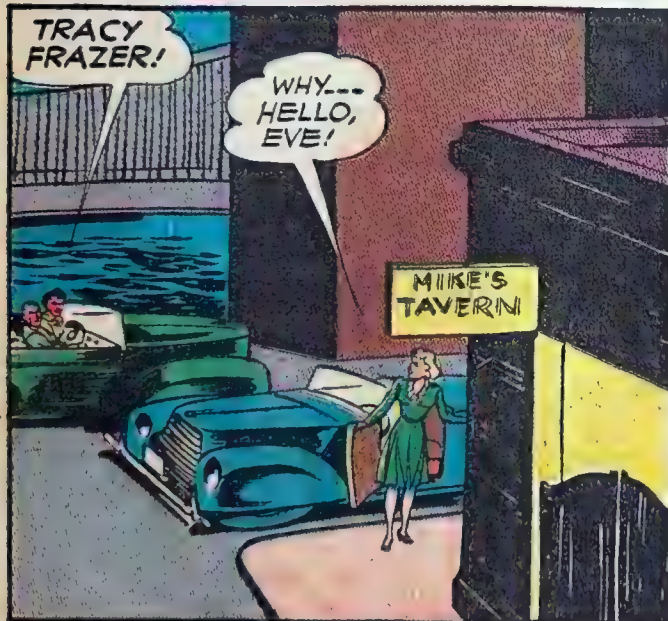
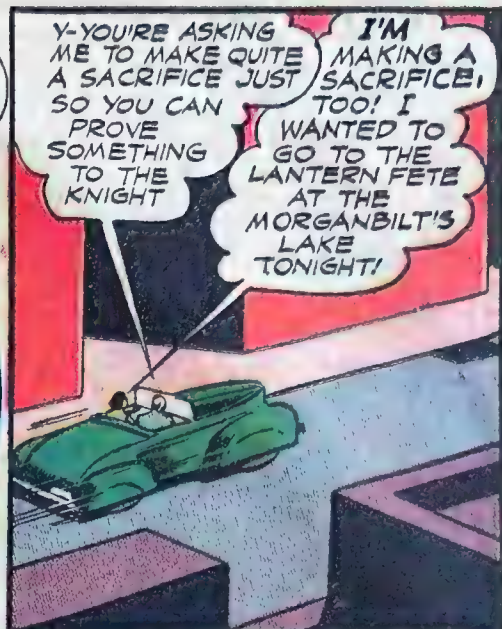
IS HE HERE? THAT SOCK FELT LIKE HIM!

NAW... WE LEFT HIM UP AT THAT SOCIETY PARTY!

H-HEY... WHAT'S GOING ON?

PARDON ME, M'LAD! MAY I BORROW YOUR ALPHABET?





THEFT AND THUGS FORGOTTEN, THE TWO GIRLS STAND TOE TO TOE, SWINGING WILDLY!

YOU'RE JUST A JEALOUS SHREW!

JEALOUS, AM I? SHREW, AM I?

HEY! LOOK AT THEM DAMES FIGHT!

THEY MUST BE FROM THAT CAR THAT FOLLOWED US?

LET'S GET 'EM OUT OF THE WAY, FAST!

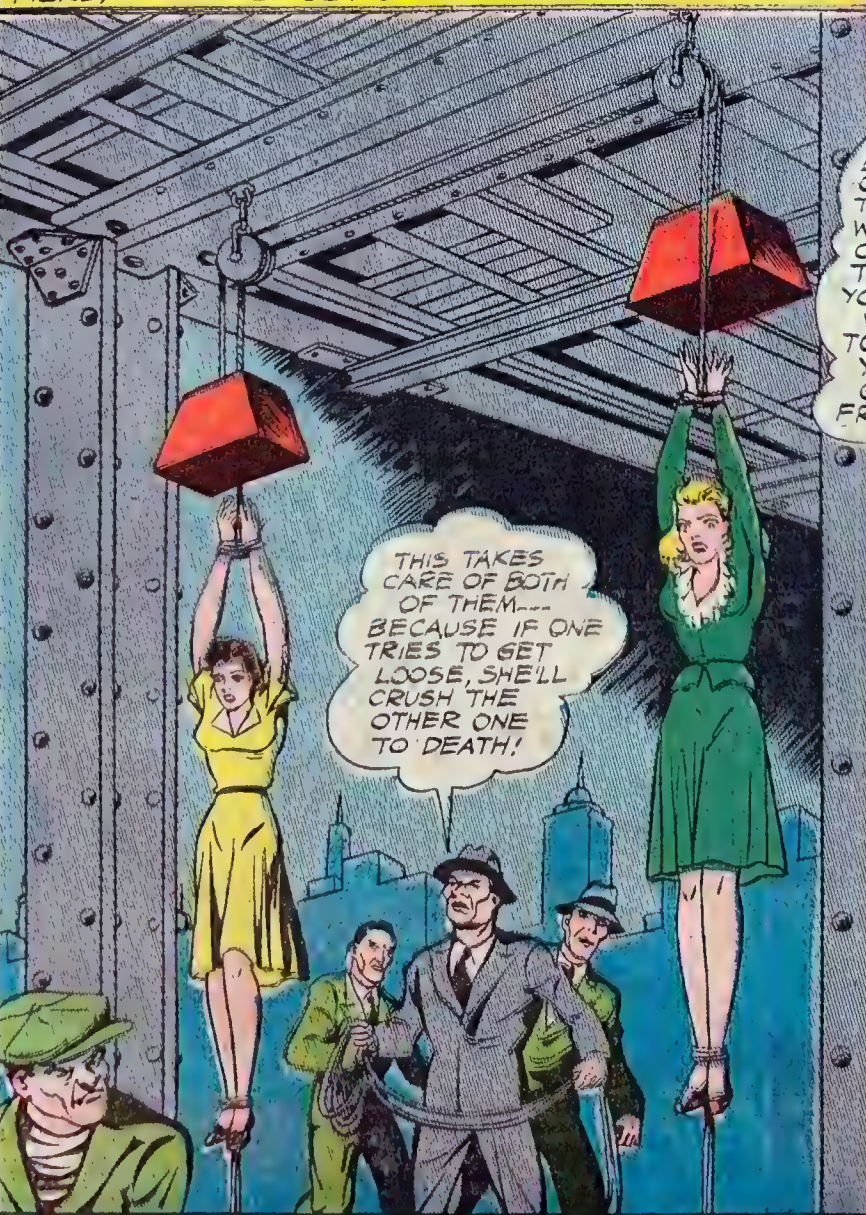
ONLY TO HAVE THE BATTLE ABRUPTLY ENDED!

OKAY, NOW THEY'RE SEPARATED. WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?

WE MAKE SURE THEY DON'T FOLLOW US ANY MORE! COME ON, I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

LET ME GO! LET ME AT HER!

AT THE DANK RIVER BANK AMID THE TOWERING BRIDGE PIERS, THE THUGS SET UP A CRUEL TRAP!



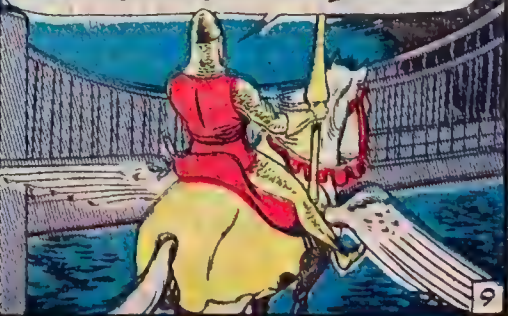
THIS TAKES CARE OF BOTH OF THEM... BECAUSE IF ONE TRIES TO GET LOOSE, SHE'LL CRUSH THE OTHER ONE TO DEATH!

DON'T EITHER OF YOU TRY TO WRIGGLE OUT OF THIS! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KILL YOUR GIRL FRIEND!

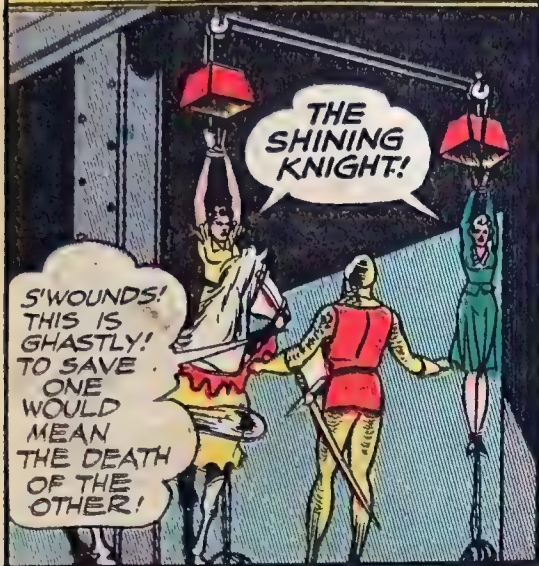
CUT THE CHATTER AND LET'S GO! WE'VE STILL GOT THAT MORGAN-BILT JOB TO PULL!

MOMENTS LATER, ONCE MORE CLAD IN GLITTERING GOLD, THE SHINING KNIGHT CHARGES BACK ON VICTORY!

I HOPE WE'RE BACK BEFORE THOSE TWO SPITFIRES GOT INTO MORE TROUBLE, VICTORY... HOLA! WHAT'S THAT? WOMEN'S VOICES FROM THE BRIDGE!



COLD WITH HORROR, THE SHINING KNIGHT FINDS HIMSELF FACED WITH A TERRIBLE CHOICE!



THE SHINING KNIGHT!

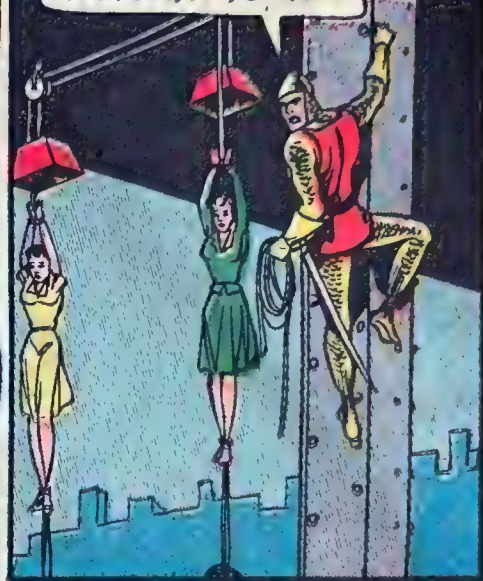
S'WOUNDS! THIS IS GHASTLY! TO SAVE ONE WOULD MEAN THE DEATH OF THE OTHER!

WHICH SHALL IT BE? TWO LIVES REST IN THE HANDS OF THE SHINING KNIGHT! WHICH IS TO BE SAVED?

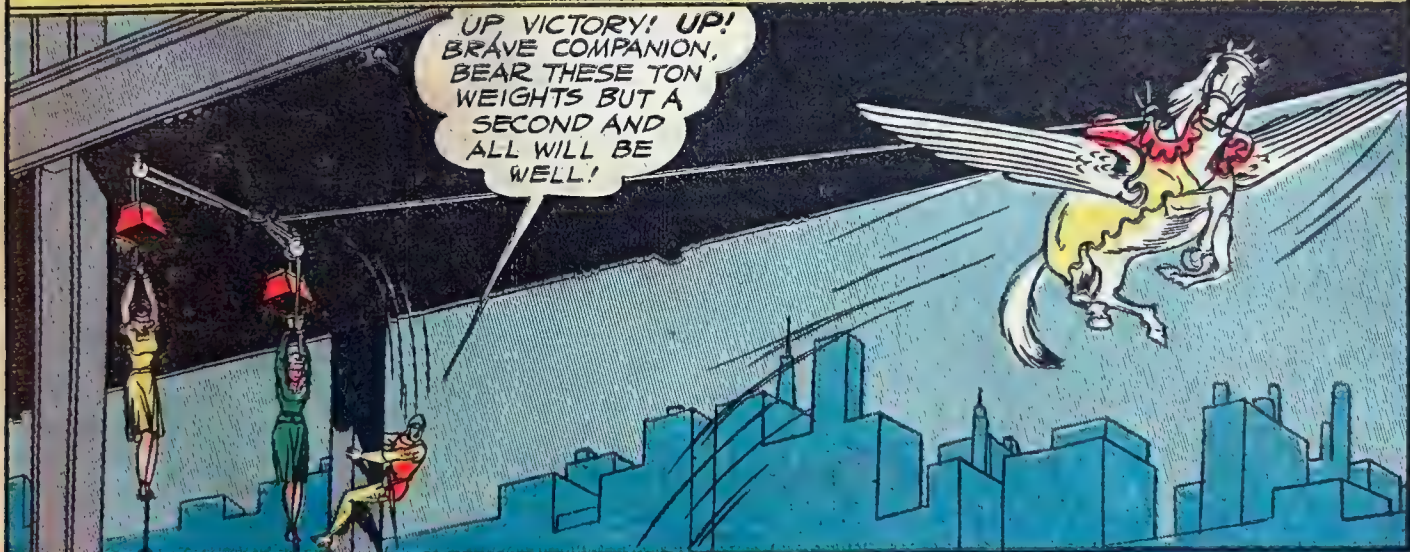
IF I CUT THE BONDS THAT FASTEN EVE, TRACY MUST DIE... AND IF I FREE TRACY, EVE WILL DIE... BUT NEITHER MUST DIE!



I HAVE IT! NEITHER SHALL DIE! VICTORY! TO ME!



SWIFT PREPARATIONS, AND THEN WINGED VICTORY THROWS HIS SPLENDID STRENGTH INTO AN UPWARD SURGE!



UP VICTORY! UP! BRAVE COMPANION, BEAR THESE TON WEIGHTS BUT A SECOND AND ALL WILL BE WELL!

ENOUGH, VICTORY! THE WAY IS CLEAR! LET YOUR BURDEN FALL!



THE TWO TREMBLING GIRLS BESIDE HIM, THE SHINING KNIGHT SAILS ACROSS THE CITY!

SO MAIDENS, YOU SAY THESE VARLETS PLAN TO ATTACK MORGANBILT'S LANTERN FETE? S'WOUNDS... THEN WE SHALL ATTEND THE PARTY, TOO!



THIS IS THE LANTERN FETE!

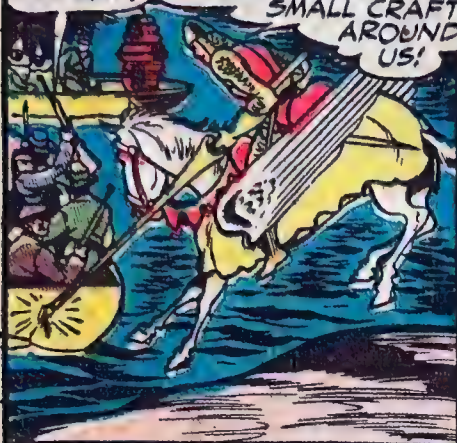
AND SEE THERE WHERE OUR THUGS PIRATE THE PARTY! HOLA! VICTORY! TO ME!



WITH THE THUNDEROUS BEAT OF VICTORY'S PINIONS, THE SHINING KNIGHT SWOOPS OVER THE WATER...

THE SHINING KNIGHT!

HO, KNAVES! YOUR SPEEDY BOAT SEEMS DANGEROUS TO THESE SMALL CRAFT AROUND US!



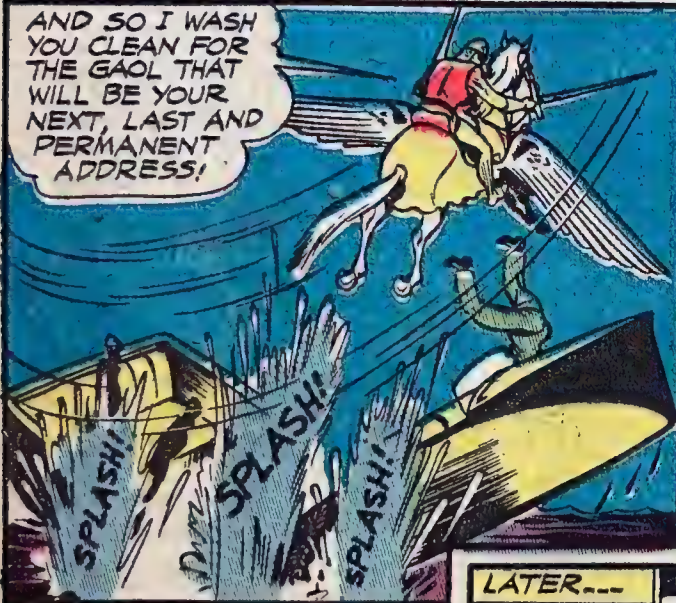
FIRST, WE MOVE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOUR DOINGS WILL NOT ENDANGER OTHERS. THERE WILL BE NO CHARGE FOR THE DELIVERY!



AS A SHOWER OF LETHAL SLUGS STRIKES SPARKS OF FLAME FROM THE CAMELOT-EEER'S GOLDEN MAIL...



AND SO I WASH YOU CLEAN FOR THE GAOL THAT WILL BE YOUR NEXT, LAST AND PERMANENT ADDRESS!



AND WHEN THE SODDER HOODS STUMBLE TO SHORE...

HERE IS THE LAST OF THEM, LADY FRAZER, AND OUR JOB IS DONE!

AND A GOOD JOB, TOO.

WH-WHAT'S ALL THIS?



THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE JEALOUS, MY DEAR. I'M A SPECIAL AGENT FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE AND NEEDED THE KNIGHT'S HELP TO CAPTURE THESE THUGS. OUR WHOLE FLIRTATION WAS SIMPLY BLIND!



LATER...

BUT EVE, I, TOO, HAVE CAUSE TO BE JEALOUS. YOU WERE SEEN TOO MANY TIMES WITH THAT FINE LAD, JUSTIN

JUSTIN? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH. I COULD NEVER TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY WHILE YOU'RE AROUND!

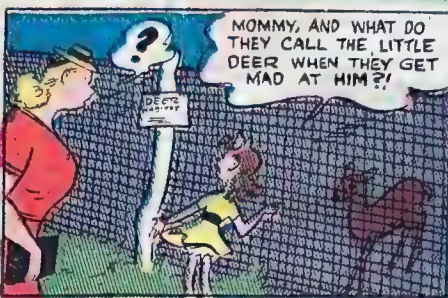
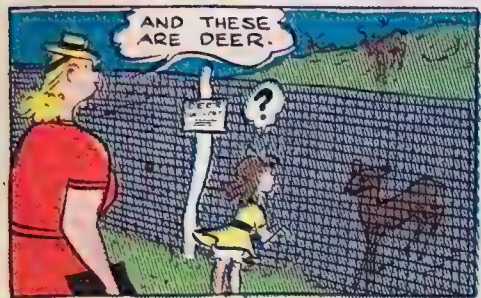
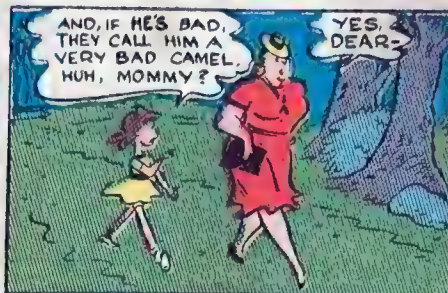
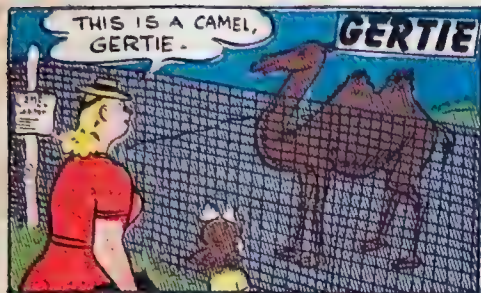


I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER!



THERE ARE DARK NIGHTS, BLUE NIGHTS, RAINY NIGHTS, ALL KINDS OF NIGHTS... BUT ONLY ONE SHINING KNIGHT APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!

JUST FOR FUN



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AND HIS PALS**

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE
OF PRIZE COMICS!

PLUS YANK AND
DOODLE
—AND
OTHERS!

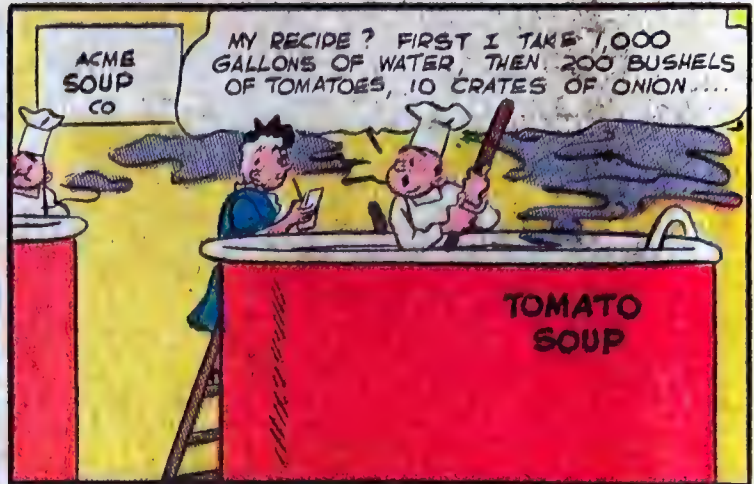


**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**

LAFFS

HENRY BOOTH-OFF

GOSH - I THOUGHT THE TREE WAS A MIRAGE!

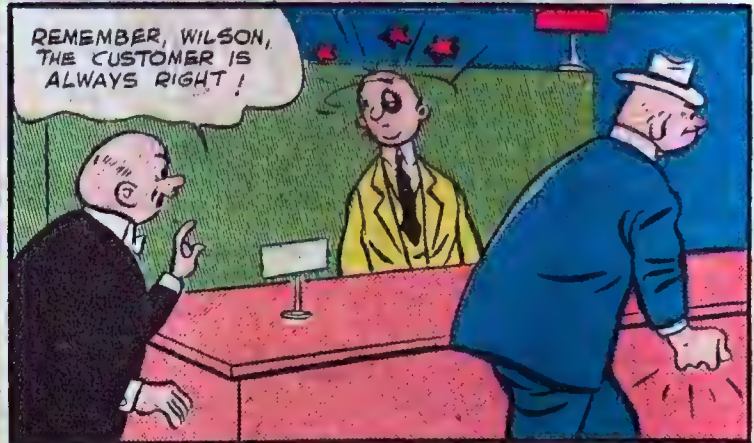


ACME SOUP CO

MY RECIPE? FIRST I TAKE 1,000 GALLONS OF WATER, THEN 200 BUSHELS OF TOMATOES, 10 CRATES OF ONION....

TOMATO SOUP

REMEMBER, WILSON, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!



BIGGEST AND BEST!

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NOW ON SALE

MANHUNTER

BATTLES THE

COBRAS OF
THE DEEP!



YOU HAVE SEEN
MANHUNTER DIG
PITFALLS FOR
UNDERWORLD KILLERS
...BUT THIS TIME THE
TABLES ARE TURNED AS
NAZI EXPERTS IN SNEAK-
RAID TACTICS SET A TRAP
FOR THE FEARLESS AM-
ERICAN ADVENTURER WHO
HAS FORSAKEN JUNGLE GAME
TRAILS TO TRACK DOWN
TWO-LEGGED BEASTS OF
PREY! AN APPEAL TO THE
SCARLET-CLAD WARRIOR'S
PATRIOTISM BEGINS A DES-
PERATE LIFE-AND-DEATH
CHASE ON LAND, IN THE AIR
AND UNDER THE SEA...AND ONCE
AGAIN THE LORE OF THE WIL-
DERNESS PUTS CIVILIZATION'S
DEADLIEST WEAPONS TO
SHAME AS A NEST OF HUMAN
VULTURES IS DESTROYED!

by...
**JOE
SIMON
AND
JACK
KIRBY**

HE HUNTS THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS GAME... MAN!!

IN A SECRET RENDEZVOUS... WELL HIDDEN
NEAR AMERICA'S EAST COAST...

SO FAR VE ARE SAFE!
THE AMERICAN SCHWEIN
ARE UNAWARE OF OUR
PLAN TO INSURE **DER
FUEHRER'S** VICTORY!
ONLY VUN MAN MIGHT
SUSPECT---

UND
WHO ISS
DER **PIG**,
HERR
DOKTOR?



SOONER OR LATER
VE MOOST MATCH VITS
MIT HIM...THE VUN MAN
CAPABLE OF TRACKING
US DOWN NO MATTER
HOW VELL VE **HIDE!**



WE NAZIS
SCARED OF
ONE MAN?
YOU MUST BE
JOKING!

WATCH YOUR
TONGUE, BRUNO!
I AM NOT AFRAID,
BUT I DO NOT
UNDERESTIMATE
MY FOES!



I REFER TO THAT
TROUBLESOME ONE
WHO GAVE UP
HUNTING WILD
BEASTS FOR A
MORE DANGEROUS
SPORT---

Y-Y-Y'MEAN,
MANHUNTER
AFTER US?

ACH! BEDDER
VE SHOULD MOOF
TO ANUDDER
COUNTRY!



WHO'S AFRAID NOW, BRUNO?
BUT DO NOT WORRY... **DER
FUEHRER** HAS CHOSEN ME
TO DESTROY HIM! I HAF
A PLAN!

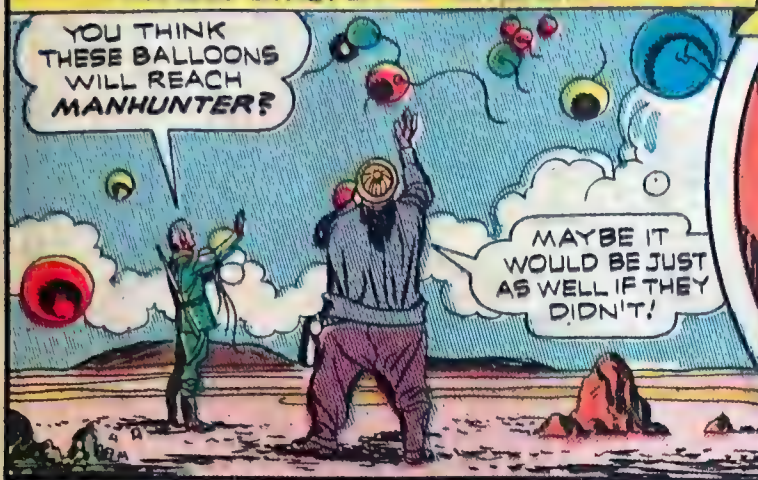
WHAT
IS IT?
TELL IT
TO US!



WE SHALL NOT WAIT FOR **MANHUNTER**
TO STALK US! WE SHALL HUNT HIM
FIRST! MY CLEVER MIND HAS CREATED
A TRAP FROM WHICH HE SHALL
NEVER ESCAPE
ALIVE! AFTER
THAT IS DONE,
WE SHALL WORK
IN SAFETY!



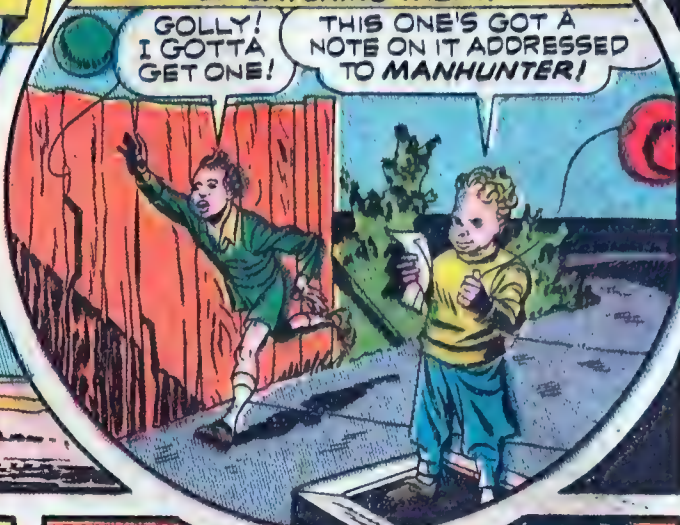
LATER, SEA BREEZES WRAFT SCORES OF DAILY COLORED BALLOONS RELEASED FROM A LONELY STRETCH OF SHORE...



YOU THINK THESE BALLOONS WILL REACH MANHUNTER?

MAYBE IT WOULD BE JUST AS WELL IF THEY DIDN'T!

...AND IN NEARBY AMERICAN CITIES, CHILDREN MAKE A HABIT OF CATCHING THEM!



GOLLY! I GOTTA GET ONE!

THIS ONE'S GOT A NOTE ON IT ADDRESSED TO MANHUNTER!

PAUL KIRK, NOTED SPORTSMAN, LEARNS OF THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES IN THE TRAIL BLAZER'S CLUB...



MY LITTLE GIRL GOT IT FROM A BALLOON THAT DRIFTED INTO OUR BACK YARD!

WONDERING IF IT'S A GAG, EH? LET ME SEE IT!

MANHUNTER CAN HELP WIN THE WAR... IF HE CALLS SEASIDE 4945...



SOON AFTER...



THE OLD LIFE-GUARD TOWER AT BIDDLE'S BEACH? ALL RIGHT... I'LL BE THERE!

MEANWHILE, AT BIDDLE'S BEACH, A FORSAKEN STRETCH OF WIND-SWEPT SAND...



DOKTOR HEINIG IS SMART AT DOT! VE VONIT TAKE A CHANCE ON JOOST VOUNDING HIM MIT A BULLET... INSTEAD VE SHOOT AT DER TARGET...

YEAH! AND WHEN WE HIT IT, THE DYNAMITE DOWN UNDER EXPLODES!

ZOON HE VILL COME TO VIN DER VAR... FOR US!



YAH! AND I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN THIS IS OVER!

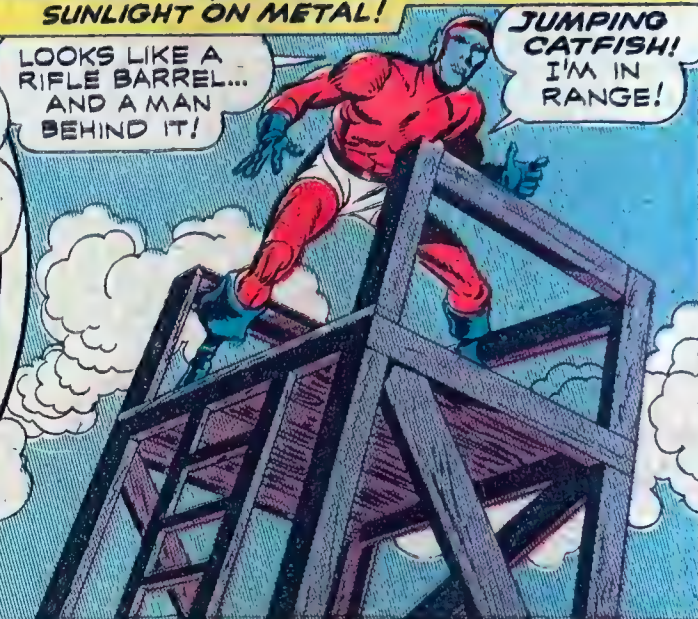
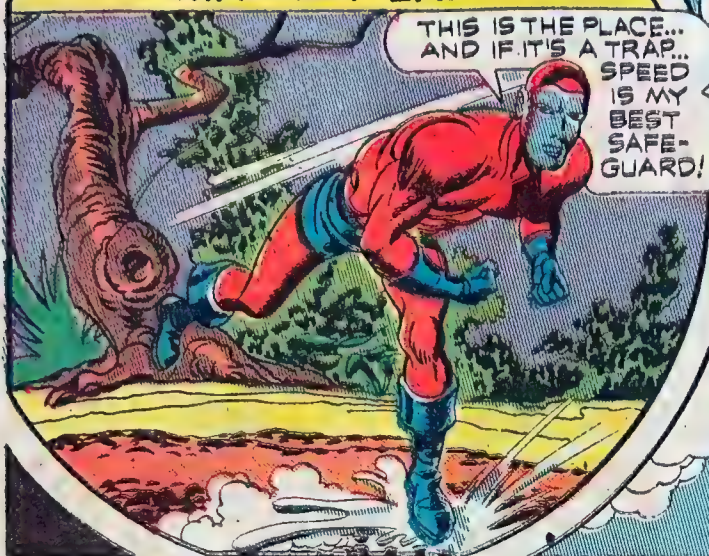
SUDDENLY...OUT OF THE WOODS LINING THE BEACH, PADS A CRIMSON-CLAD FIGURE... LITHE AND SINEWY AS A TIGER... MANHUNTER!

SPRINGING ALOFT ON THE TOWER, MANHUNTER'S HAWK-LIKE EYES DART WARILY IN SEARCH OF DANGER SIGNALS! HE IS WARNED BY A GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON METAL!

THIS IS THE PLACE... AND IF IT'S A TRAP... SPEED IS MY BEST SAFE-GUARD!

LOOKS LIKE A RIFLE BARREL... AND A MAN BEHIND IT!

JUMPING CATFISH! I'M IN RANGE!



SO I'M THE QUARRY! IT'S TIME TO TAKE COVER!

CRACK!



THE NEXT INSTANT...



THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION MISSES MANHUNTER, BUT ROLLS UP A GREAT WAVE OF SAND WHICH ROLLS OVER HIS BODY... HIDING HIM FROM THE NERVOUS, DISAPPOINTED ASSASSINS!

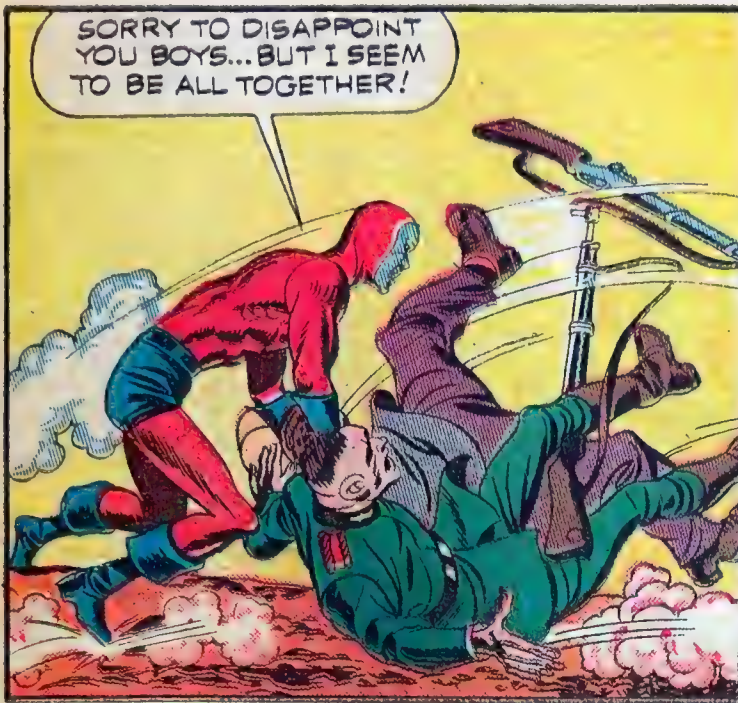
LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE... I DON'T FEEL COMFORTABLE!

NEIN! DER DOKTOR VILL KILL US IFF VE DON'T AGGOMPLISH OUR MISSION!

BUT HE'S DEAD I TELL YOU... PROBABLY BLOWN TO PIECES!

VEN VE FIND CHUST VUN PIECE, I GO BACK MIT YOU!





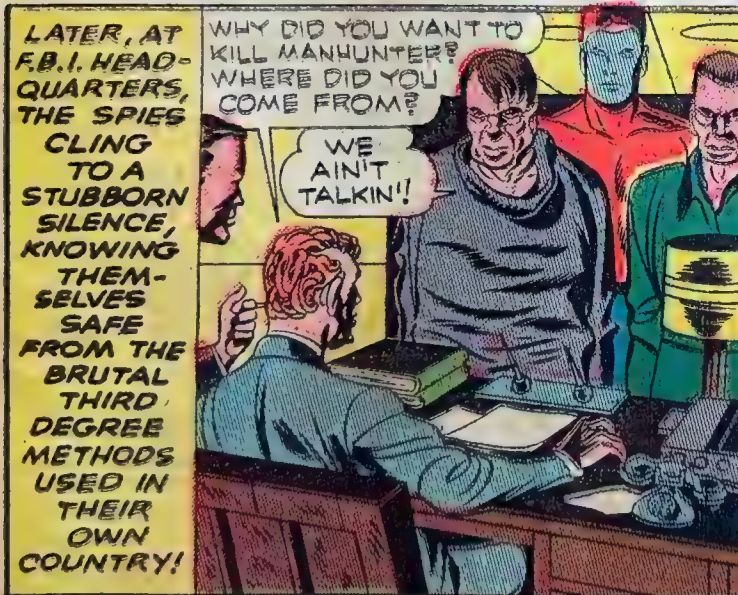
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BOYS... BUT I SEEM TO BE ALL TOGETHER!



WHICH IS MORE THAN WILL BE SAID FOR YOU!

SMACK!

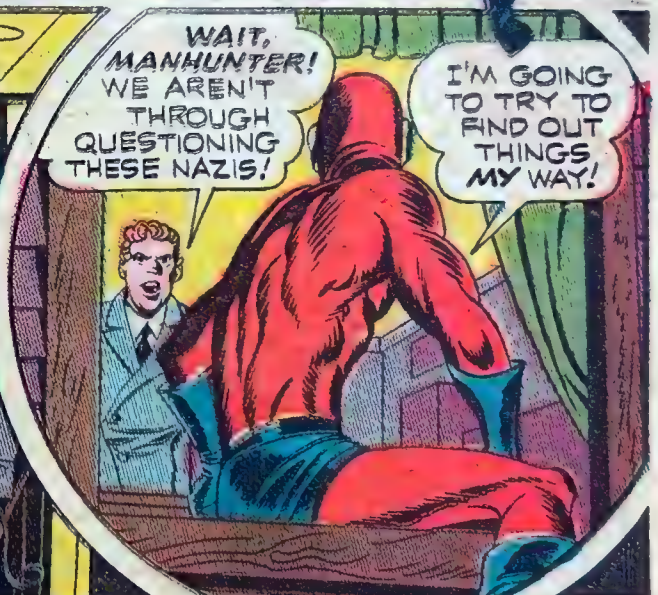
BAM!



LATER, AT F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS, THE SPIES CLING TO A STUBBORN SILENCE, KNOWING THEMSELVES SAFE FROM THE BRUTAL THIRD DEGREE METHODS USED IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO KILL MANHUNTER? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WE AIN'T TALKIN'!



WAIT, MANHUNTER! WE AREN'T THROUGH QUESTIONING THESE NAZIS!

I'M GOING TO TRY TO FIND OUT THINGS MY WAY!



MANHUNTER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE ENCOUNTER.... EXAMINING THE DIM TRAILS LEFT BY HIS WOULD-BE SLAYERS!

THEY CAME FROM SMUGGLER'S COVE... AND THEY DIDN'T BOTHER COVERING THEIR TRACKS!

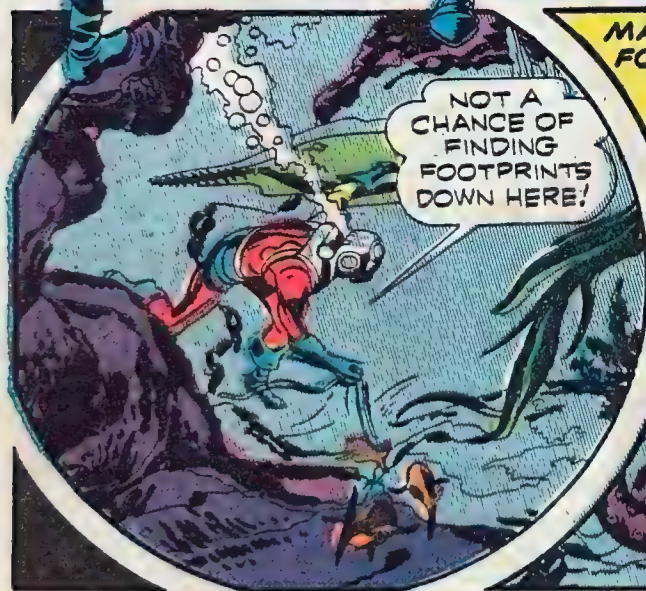
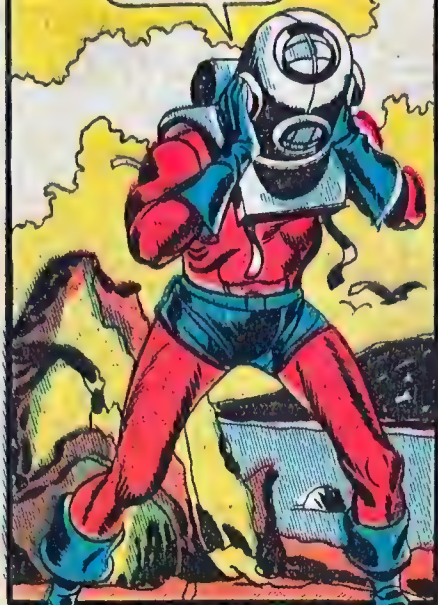
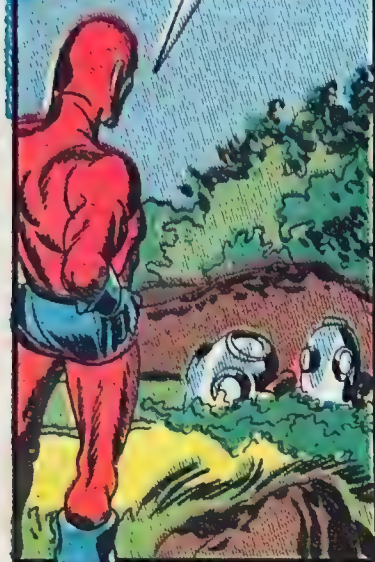
THOSE BABIES MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY CERTAIN OF GETTING ME!

DIVING HELMETS! THEY CAME FROM UNDER WATER! HMMM...

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRACK THEM ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!

BY GEORGE! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL DO!

CAN MANHUNTER FOLLOW AN UNDER-SEA TRAIL? INTO THE SHIMMERING HALF-LIGHT OF THE OCEAN DEPTHS, HE STEPS CONFIDENTLY... WEARING A COMMANDEERED OXYGEN HELMET!



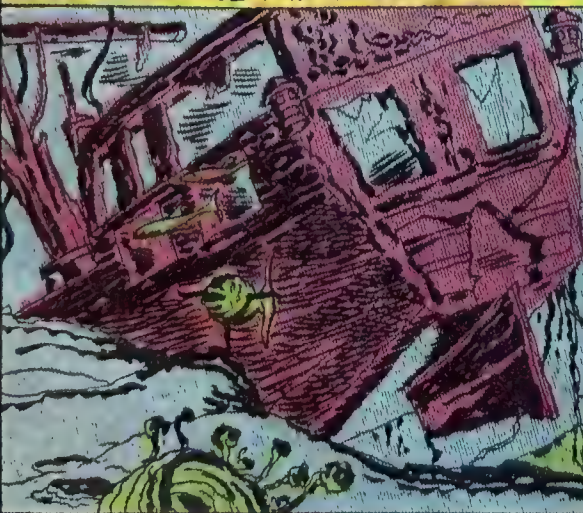
NOT A CHANCE OF FINDING FOOTPRINTS DOWN HERE!

MANHUNTER FOLLOWS A PATH OF BROKEN SEAWeed, AND PROBES DEEPER INTO THE SUB-MARINE FOREST! SUDDENLY, THE WATER BECOMES DISTORTED NEAR A SUBMERGED CAVE IN THE ROCK WALL!

THEY BROKE BARNACLES OFF THIS CLIFF ON THEIR WAY UP... OH-OH! AN OCTOPUS! SORRY, PAL, I'M NOT SHAKING HANDS TODAY!

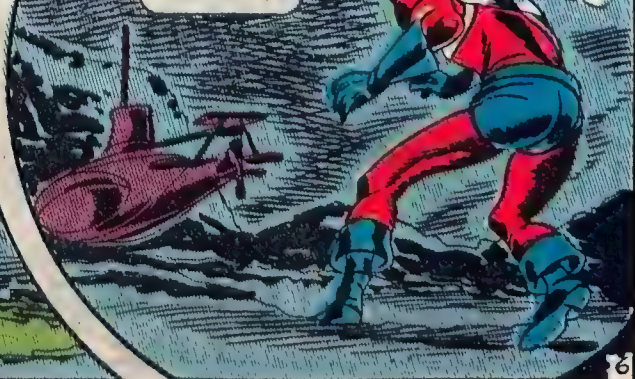


SKELETON RIBS OF A DOOMED SHIP OF BYGONE DAYS EMBRACE THE GHOSTLY UNDERSEA SHADOWS!



WHAT A SIGHT... MUST BE GETTING NEAR TRAIL'S END...

THE WATER PRESSURE'S BECOMING TOO STRONG FOR MEN IN DIVING SUITS! WHAT'S THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE A... IT IS! A NAZI U-BOAT! AND A WHOPPER AT THAT!



BUT FROM WITHIN THE SUBMARINE, EYES AS WATCHFUL AS MANHUNTER'S SCRUTINIZE THE SURROUNDINGS OUTSIDE!

IT ISS MANHUNTER
ALL RIGHT! KARL
TAKE A SQUAD
OF MEN AND
BRING HIM
IN!

JA,
HERR
DOKTOR!



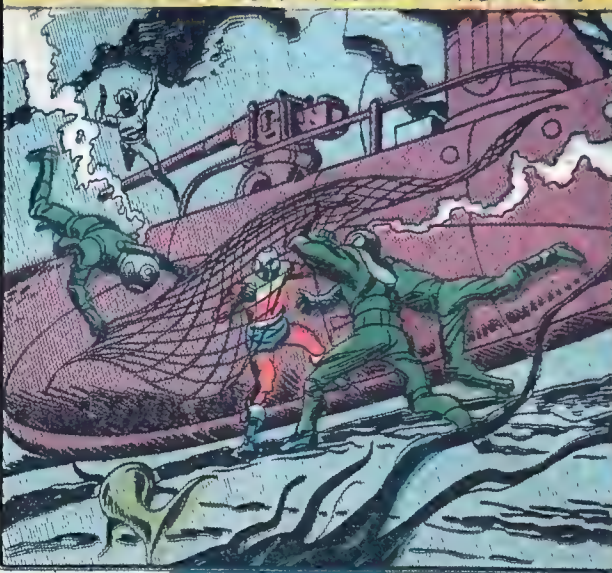
MOMENTS LATER, THE SUPERIOR NUMBERS OF THE ENEMY HAVE CONQUERED IN THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE---MANHUNTER ENMESHED IN THE NET, FACES HERR DOKTOR HEINIG!

AT LAST, WE TWO GREAT
SPORTSMEN MEET, **HERR
MANHUNTER!** BUT I SEEM
TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO'S
BAGGED ANY GAME!

THE HUNT IS
NOT OVER, MY
POUL FRIEND!



HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT IN SLOW MOTION PROVIDES A STRANGE SPECTACLE FOR THE CREATURES OF THE DEEP...AS THE NAZI CREW SURPRISES MANHUNTER!



AH...BUT WE NAZIS ARE GREAT HUNTERS!
SCORES OF OUR UNDERSEA RAIDERS
WHICH WE REFUEL REGULARLY...LURK
IN THESE WATERS TO
SINK YOUR SHIPS!

SO THIS IS A **SUB-
MARINE OIL TANKER!**
NO WONDER IT LOOKED
BIG!



**SUDDENLY THE SUB'S RADIO
CRACKLES INTO LIFE!**

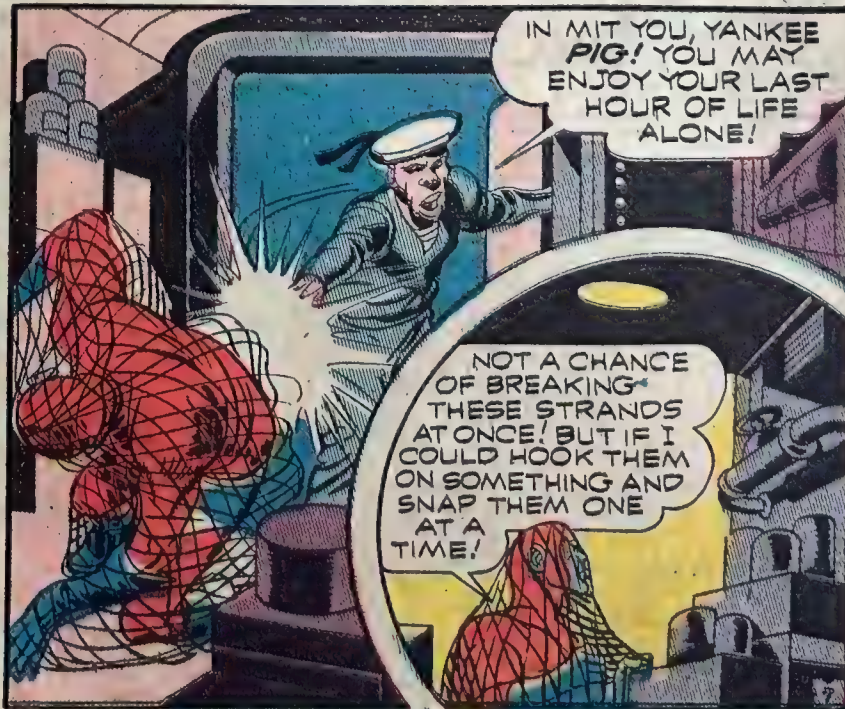
SOME OF OUR U-
BOATS VISH TO
REFUEL! KARL,
FOOT DER
PRISONER IN
DER STERN
LOCKER, VILE
VE RISE TO
DER ZURFACE!

JA,
HERR
DOK-
TOR!



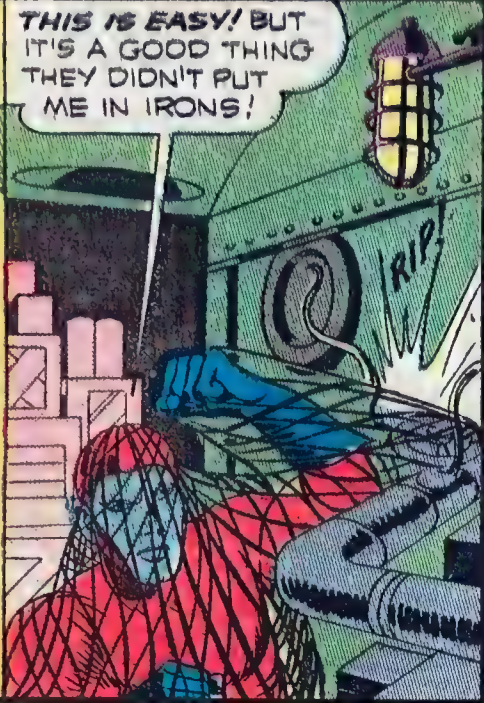
IN MIT YOU, **YANKEE
PIG!** YOU MAY
ENJOY YOUR LAST
HOUR OF LIFE
ALONE!

NOT A CHANCE
OF BREAKING
THESE STRANDS
AT ONCE! BUT IF I
COULD HOOK THEM
ON SOMETHING AND
SNAP THEM ONE
AT A TIME!



THE WOODSMAN'S GOLDEN RULE, "LEARN TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE TOOLS AT HAND" IS EQUALLY PRACTICABLE ABOARD A SUBMARINE! MAN-HUNTER GOES TO WORK!

THIS IS EASY! BUT IT'S A GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T PUT ME IN IRONS!



FREED OF THE CLINGING STRANDE, THE RESOURCEFUL BATTLER INVESTIGATES HIS SURROUNDINGS!

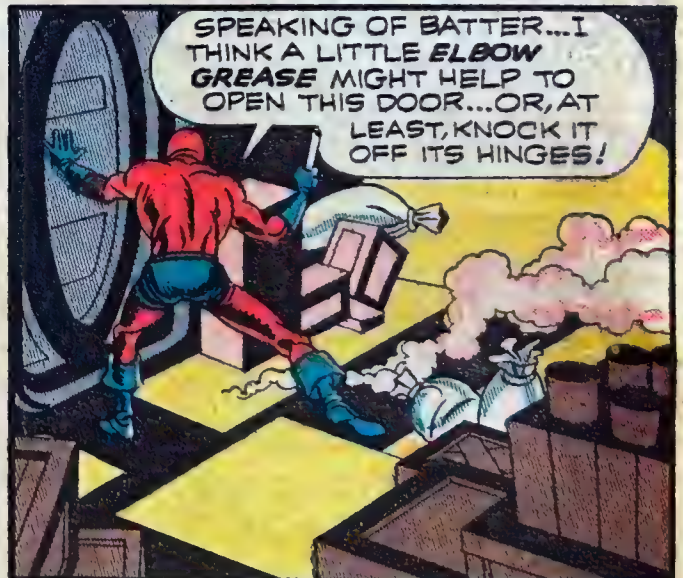
THIS IS HOW THEY PUMP OIL FROM THEIR STORAGE TANKS TO THE OTHER SUBS! THAT FLOUR GIVES ME AN IDEA!



I'LL MIX THEM A NICE THICK BATTER IN CASE THEY WANT TO BAKE A CAKE!



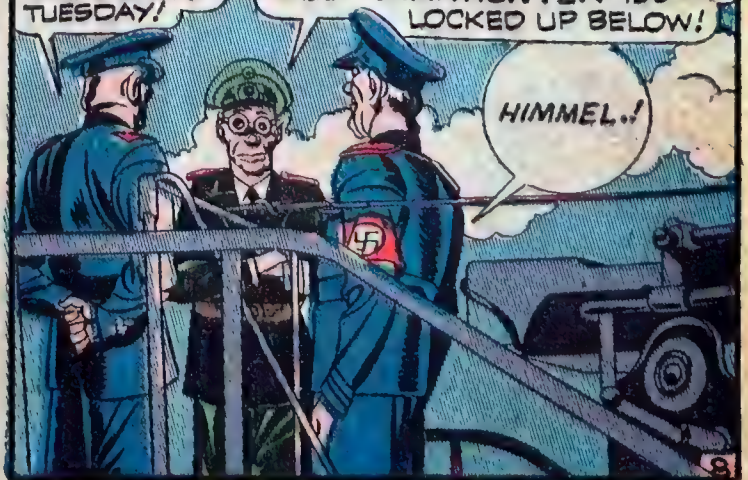
SPEAKING OF BATTER...I THINK A LITTLE *ELBOW GREASE* MIGHT HELP TO OPEN THIS DOOR...OR, AT LEAST, KNOCK IT OFF ITS HINGES!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OCEAN'S SURFACE, SKULKING SEA-RAIDERS OF COASTWISE SHIPPING GATHER THIRSTILY FOR SUPPLIES OF THE ALL IMPORTANT FUEL OIL!



WE HAV HAD GOOT I, TOO, HAV MY PREY, HUNTING, HERR GENTLEMEN! DER MOST DOKTOR! THREE DANGEROUS YANKEE OF DEM SHIPS SINCE ALL--- MANHUNTER ISS TUESDAY! LOCKED UP BELOW!



BUT DOKTOR HEINNIG'S BOASTING IS ILL-TIMED... FOR AT THAT INSTANT---

IT WAS GETTING LONESOME IN THERE!

TO BATTLE STATIONS!
MANHUNTER ISS LOOZE!

OUT OF MY WAY, HEINIES!

MANHUNTER QUICKLY BATTERS HIS WAY TO THE RADIO ROOM!

MANHUNTER CALLING HANDLEY NAVAL BASE! THREE ENEMY SUBS REFUELING TWO MILES OFF SMUGGLERS COVE! COME AND GET 'EM!

THE NAVY TAKES SWIFT ACTION! BEFORE THE NAZIS ARE AWARE OF THE SITUATION'S TURN, THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY A HUGE AMERICAN NAVAL FORCE!

BLITZEN!!
WE ARE GONERS!

LATER, ON BOARD A UNITED STATES DESTROYER.

NICE WORK, MANHUNTER! DOCTOR HEINNIG WILL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT WE'RE GOING TO USE HIS CAPTURED U-BOATS TO SINK AXIS SHIPS FROM NOW ON!

MAY I ALSO REMIND THE DOCTOR THAT THE HUNT IS NEVER OVER UNTIL THE PREY IS ENTIRELY SUBQUED!

I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW YOU KEPT THOSE SUBS FROM ESCAPING UNTIL WE GOT HERE, MANHUNTER!

I REMEMBERED READING THAT FLOUR MIXED WITH FUEL OIL WILL GUM UP ANY MACHINERY! AND SURE ENOUGH... IT DID!

DO YOU LIKE WAR STORIES?

THEN DON'T MISS THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!

The BOY COMMANDOS!

IN EVERY ISSUE OF
DETECTIVE Comics!

JOIN THE BOYS OF THE UNITED NATIONS AS THEY CHASE THE JAPANAZIS AROUND THE WORLD!

SANDMAN

and **SANDY**...
The GOLDEN BOY!

by... JOE
SIMON
AND
JACK
KIRBY

MEET THE **CURIUMAN!**

What DEADLY SECRET LIES BURIED BENEATH THE SANDS OF THE ANCIENT HOURGLASS, THREATENING TO ENGULF ALL MANKIND IN ITS FANTASTIC FORMULA OF CONQUEST? AND WHEN THESE SANDS OF TIRELESS CENTURIES RUN OUT...**WHAT THEN?** WHAT OF THIS STRANGE WORLD, WHICH IS POISED TO TURN LOOSE ITS ARMIES OF DESTRUCTION? **THE SANDMAN** AND **SANDY**, THE GOLDEN BOY, SET OUT TO SOLVE THIS GRIM RIDDLE AND FIND THEMSELVES ENMESHED IN AS AMAZING A TALE AS THEY HAVE EVER KNOWN! A FANTASY... YOU MIGHT SAY... AN IMPOSSIBLE EARLY TALE OF WITCHES AND GOBLINS AND SUCH... WELL, THAT'S WHAT **THE SANDMAN** THOUGHT, UNTIL HE DECIDED TO FOLLOW--

"FOOTPRINTS IN
THE SANDS OF TIME!"



THERE CAN BE NO CALM--NO PEACE--NO COMFORT--FOR WITH THE DARKNESS OF SLUMBER COMES SOUL-WRACKING TERROR! MOCKING--TORTURING--SPINE-CHILLING FEAR! EVEN IN THE REALM OF DREAMS, THE EVIL CAN FIND NO REST...

THERE IS NO LAND BEYOND THE LAW WHERE TYRANTS RULE WITH UNSHAKEABLE POWER IT'S A DREAM FROM WHICH THE EVIL WAKE TO FACE THEIR FATE...THEIR TERRIFYING HOUR...

YOU LIED, STOLE AND KILLED FOR THAT HOUR-GLASS!

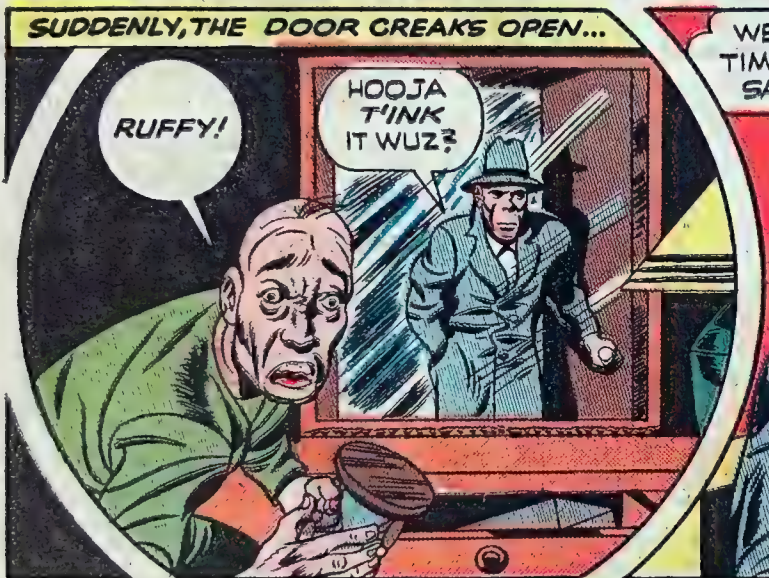
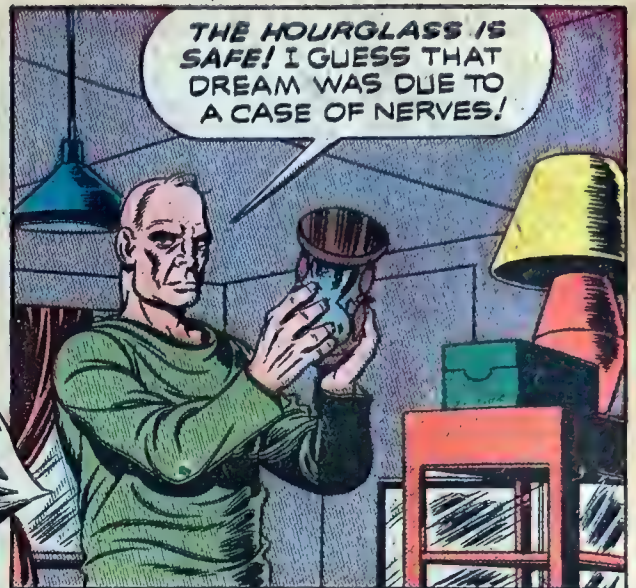
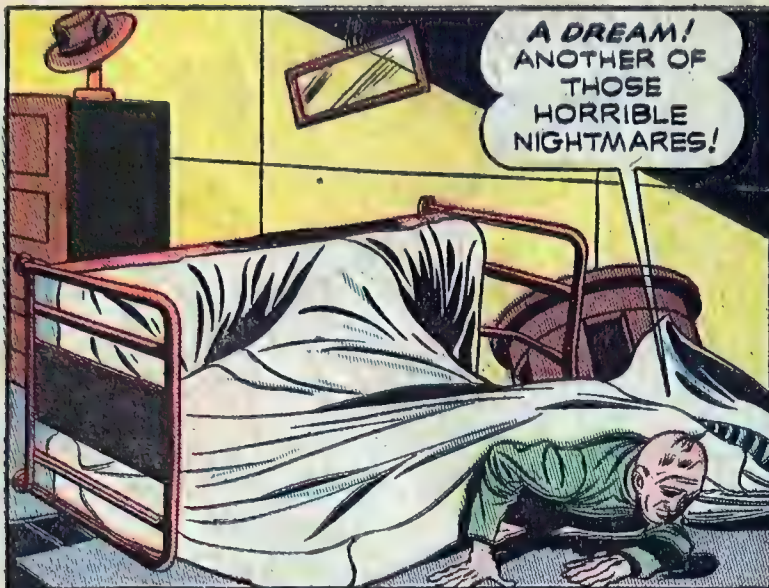
NO! I DIDN'T, NO! STOP! I--I...

YOU WANTED IT SO MUCH--

NOW TAKE IT!

STOP! IT'LL BREAK! THE SECRET OF THE AGES!

CRASH!



SUDDENLY THE BEAT OF RACING FEET
PENETRATES THE CEILING OF THE
SHODDY ROOM!



**BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE HALL
OUTSIDE AS THE TWO CONSPIRATORS
RUSH TO THE DOOR TO FIND...**



THE THUGS GO DOWN LIKE TENPINS UNDER
THE HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS OF THE TWO
GOLDEN FURIES!



**GET HIM, RUFFY!
DON'T LET HIM GET
THE HOURGLASS!**



**RUFFY'S FINGER
SQUEEZES THE
TRIGGER...A DEAF-
ENING ROAR RE-
VERBERATES THROUGH
THE ROOM!**



**SANDMAN!
SANDMAN!
YOU CAN'T DIE!
I WON'T LET YOU!!**

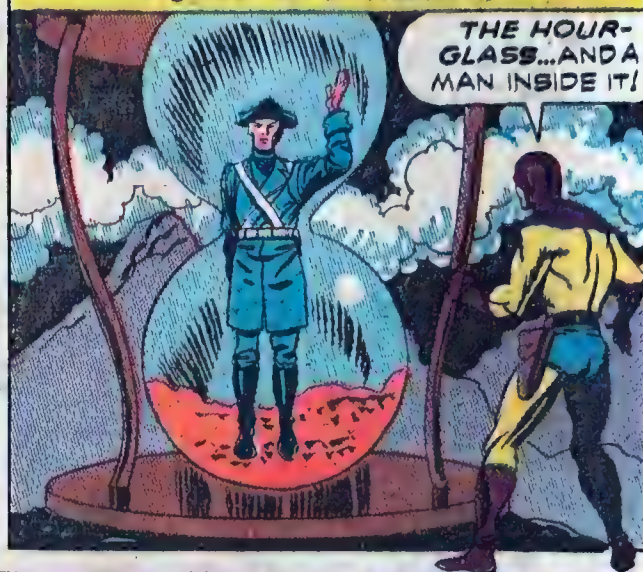


LATER AT THE CITY HOSPITAL, A WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON PREPARES TO OPERATE ON THE SANDMAN!



ADMINISTER THE ETHER... QUICKLY!

AS THE ETHER ENTERS THE SANDMAN'S LUNGS, HE DRIFTS INTO A STRANGE WORLD OF UNREALITY!



THE HOUR-GLASS...AND A MAN INSIDE IT!

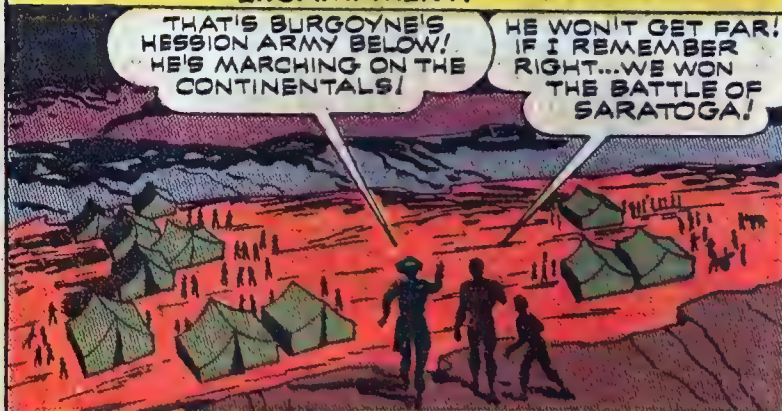
SAY, I MUST BE DREAMING! WHO ARE YOU?



FOLLOW ME INTO THE WORLD OF THE HOURGLASS! I HAVE NEED OF YOU BOTH!

LED INTO

THE HOURGLASS WORLD BY THE MAN IN THE DRESS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN CONTINENTAL ARMY, THE SANDMAN AND SANDY LOOK DOWN ON A VAST ENCAMPMENT!



THAT'S BURGOYNE'S HESSIAN ARMY BELOW! HE'S MARCHING ON THE CONTINENTALS!

HE WON'T GET FAR! IF I REMEMBER RIGHT...WE WON THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA!

NEARBY...

BUT WE HAVEN'T WON YET! THE MESSENGER WHO WAS TO BRING NEWS OF THE HESSIAN ADVANCE... HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

I DON'T GET THIS! YOU MEAN, THE BATTLE HASN'T BEEN FOUGHT YET?



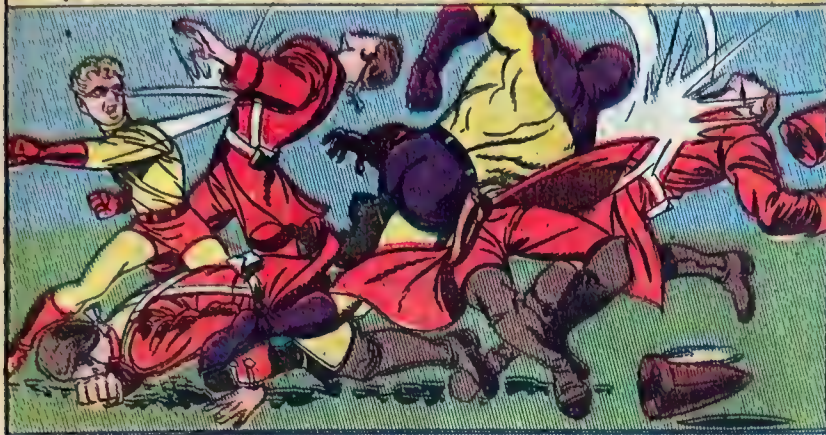
WHEN THE SAND IN THIS HOURGLASS RUNS OUT...YOU WILL DIE, YANKEE PIG!

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN ME, HESSIAN!

YOU SEE? OUR CHANCES ARE SMALL IF HE DIES!



THE SANDMAN AND SANDY BREAK INTO THE CLEARING, SMASHING AT EVERY HESSIAN IN THEIR WAY!



CUTTING THE NOOSE FROM THE MESSENGER, THE SANDMAN SWIFTLY PULLS HIM TO THE SAFETY OF THE BRANCHES ABOVE!



UP YOU GO, FELLA! YOU HAVE GOT TO TRAVEL!



THE HOUR-GLASS---- YOU'VE GOT THE HOUR-GLASS!

IT IS AN OLD THING... MADE IN ANCIENT GREECE!

IT WAS MADE IN THE DAYS OF THE GREEK EMPEROR MICHAEL COMMENUS... IN THE DAYS WHEN THEY STILL USED GREEK FIRE!

GREEK FIRE! THAT'S AN OLD FORMULA FOR MAKING WATER BURN! IT'S BEEN LOST FOR CENTURIES!



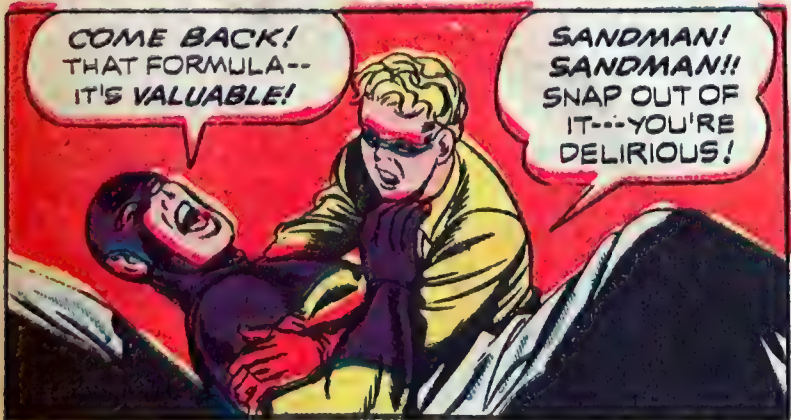
AS THE SANDMAN PEERS MORE CLOSELY AT THE HOURGLASS, HE STARTS BACK IN SURPRISE!

WHY, THERE'S A CHEMICAL FORMULA ENGRAVED ON THE GLASS ITSELF!



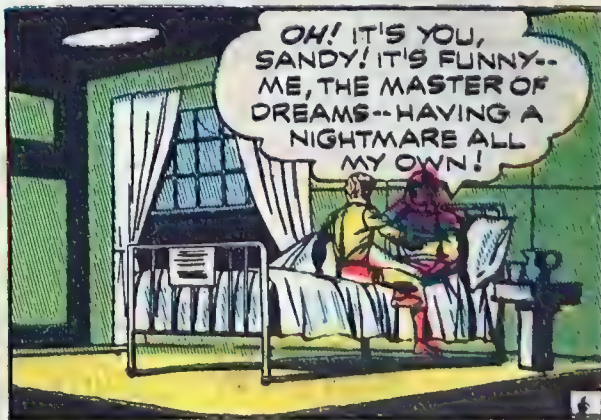
WELL, I HAVE TO BE ON MY WAY! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

WAIT! WAIT!! WE CAN USE THAT FORMULA IN THE WAR IN 1942! COME BACK!



COME BACK! THAT FORMULA-- IT'S VALUABLE!

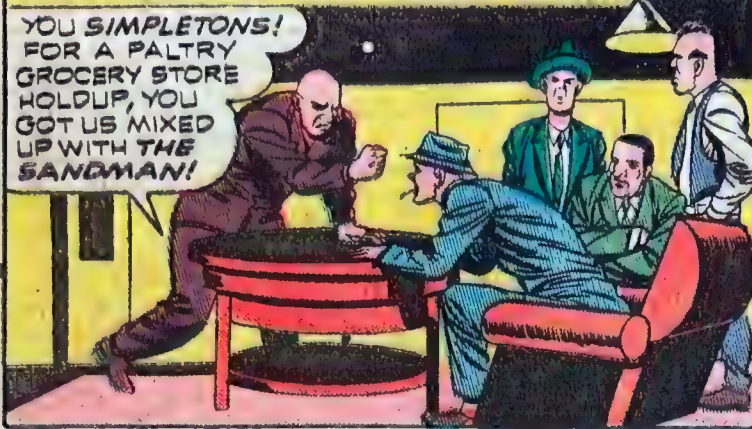
SANDMAN! SANDMAN!! SNAP OUT OF IT--YOU'RE DELIRIOUS!



OH! IT'S YOU, SANDY! IT'S FUNNY-- ME, THE MASTER OF DREAMS--HAVING A NIGHTMARE ALL MY OWN!

MEANWHILE, RUFFY AND HIS MEN ARE BEING HARANGUED BY THEIR FURIOUS LEADER!

YOU SIMPLETONS!
FOR A PALTRY GROCERY STORE HOLDUP, YOU GOT US MIXED UP WITH THE SANDMAN!



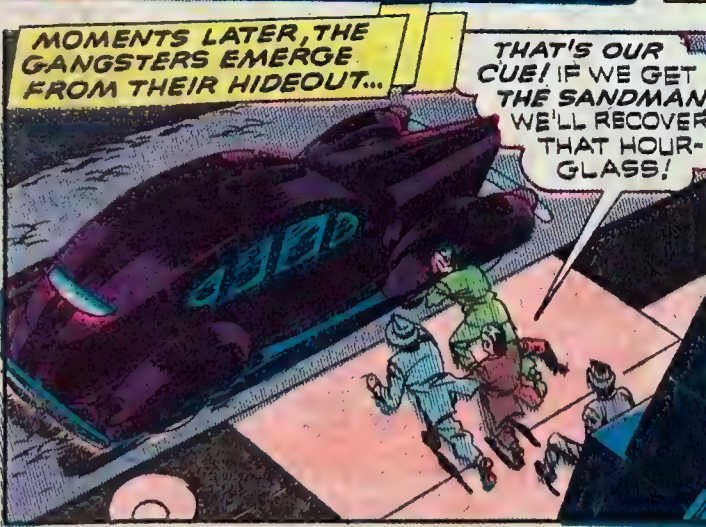
YOU GUYS ALWAYS MADE DOUGH ON MY IDEAS! NOW YOU PULL A JOB BY YOURSELVES AND COST US MILLIONS!

WAIT, BOSS! I GOT AN IDEA!

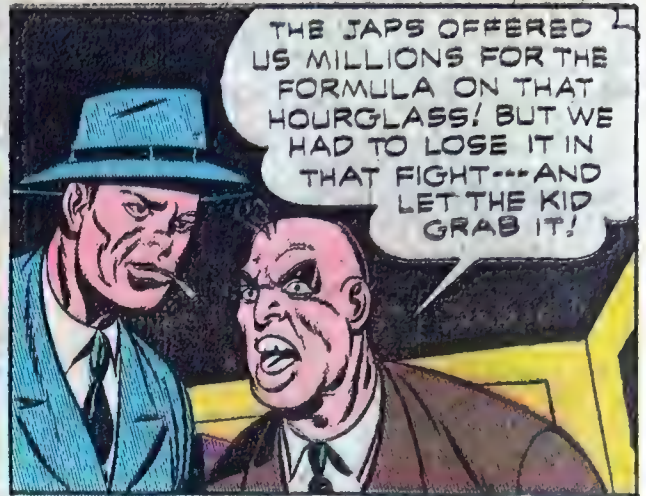


MOMENTS LATER, THE GANGSTERS EMERGE FROM THEIR HIDEOUT...

THAT'S OUR CUE! IF WE GET THE SANDMAN, WE'LL RECOVER THAT HOUR-GLASS!

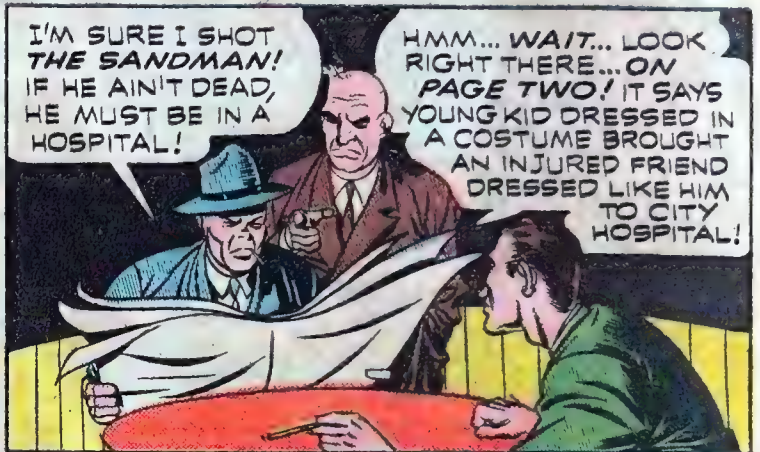


THE JAPS OFFERED US MILLIONS FOR THE FORMULA ON THAT HOURGLASS! BUT WE HAD TO LOSE IT IN THAT FIGHT---AND LET THE KID GRAB IT!



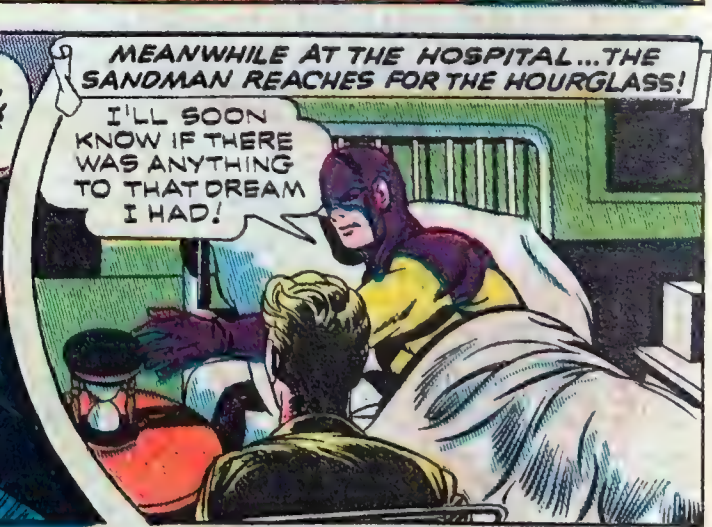
I'M SURE I SHOT THE SANDMAN! IF HE AIN'T DEAD, HE MUST BE IN A HOSPITAL!

HMM... WAIT... LOOK RIGHT THERE... ON PAGE TWO! IT SAYS YOUNG KID DRESSED IN A COSTUME BROUGHT AN INJURED FRIEND DRESSED LIKE HIM TO CITY HOSPITAL!

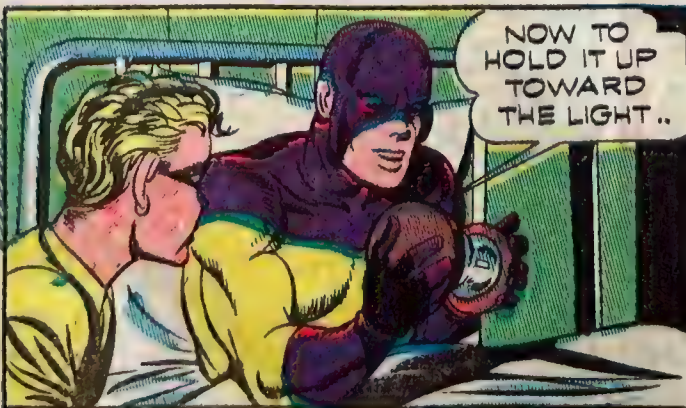


MEANWHILE AT THE HOSPITAL...THE SANDMAN REACHES FOR THE HOURGLASS!

I'LL SOON KNOW IF THERE WAS ANYTHING TO THAT DREAM I HAD!

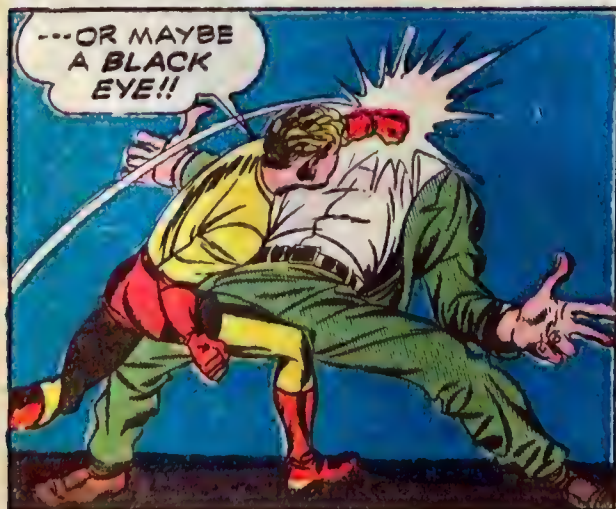
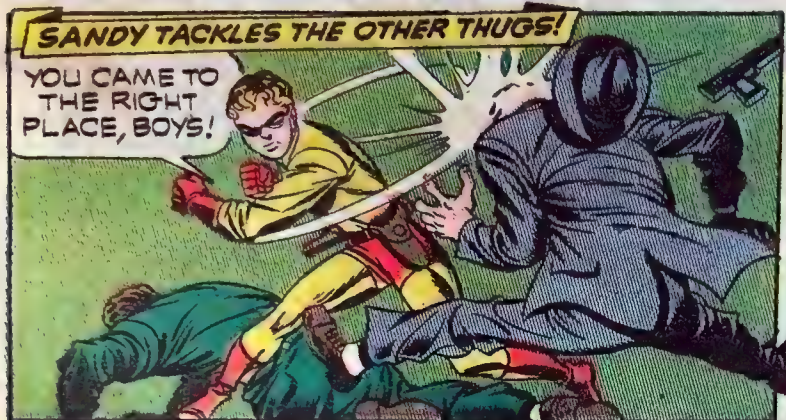
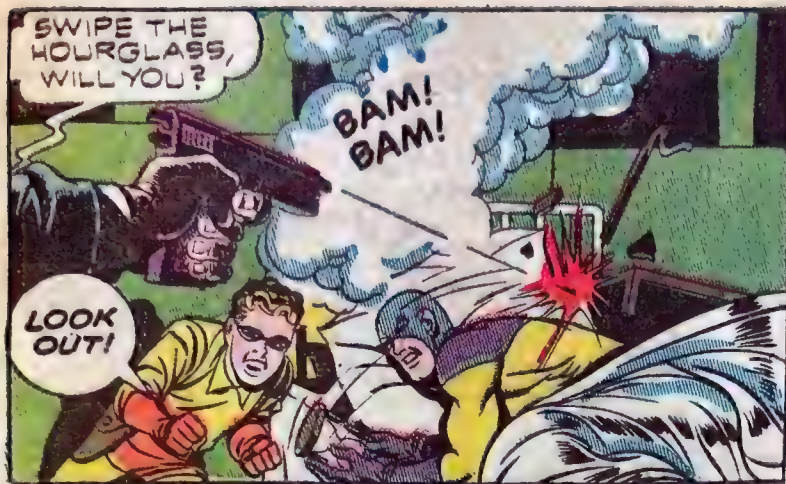


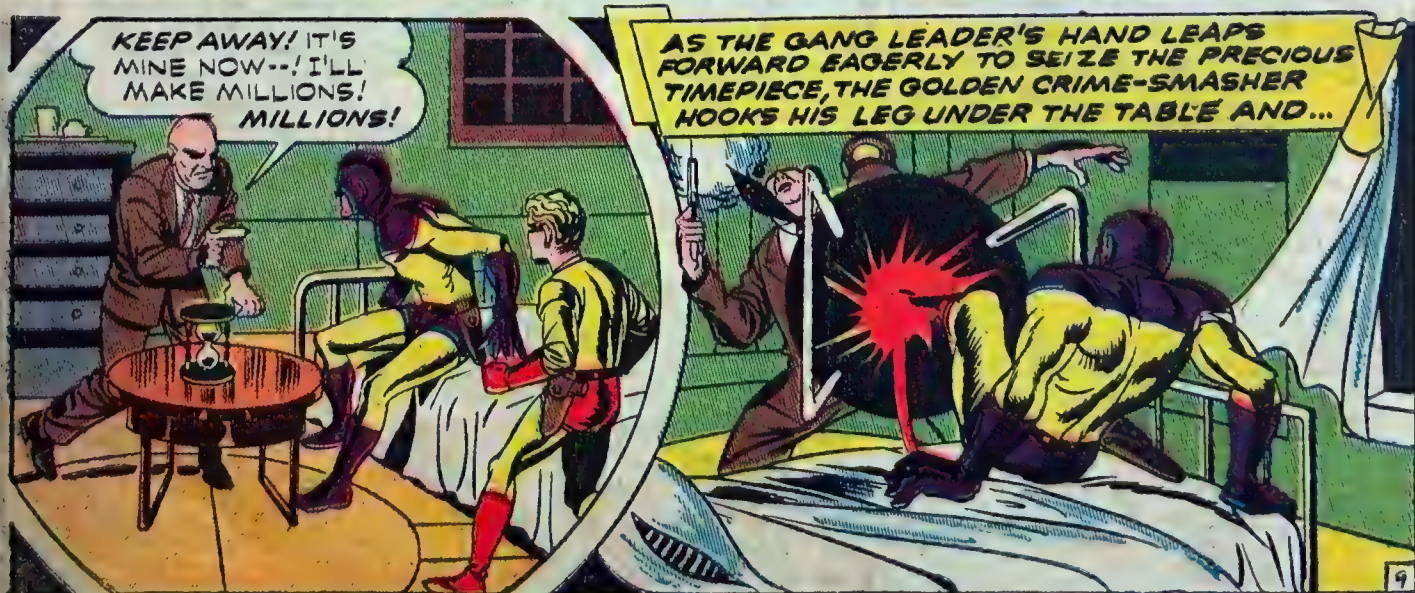
NOW TO HOLD IT UP TOWARD THE LIGHT..



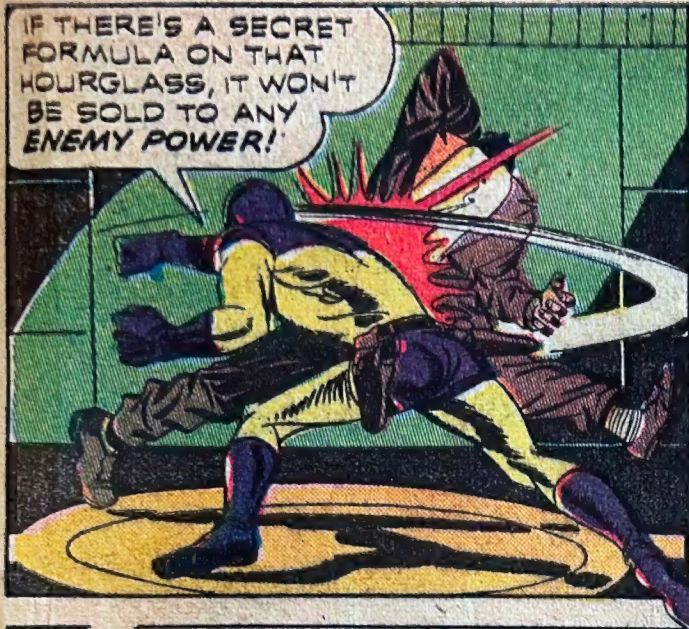
HOLD THAT POSE, SANDMAN!







IF THERE'S A SECRET FORMULA ON THAT HOURGLASS, IT WON'T BE SOLD TO ANY ENEMY POWER!



SANDMAN...LOOK!! THE HOUR GLASS HAS BEEN SHATTERED!



I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT WAS ENGRAVED ON IT!

LOOKS LIKE THE SECRET IS LOST FOREVER!



EVIL HANDS CAN NEVER USE IT NOW! THE FORMULA FOR BURNING WATER IS JUST A SHATTERED DREAM NOW!

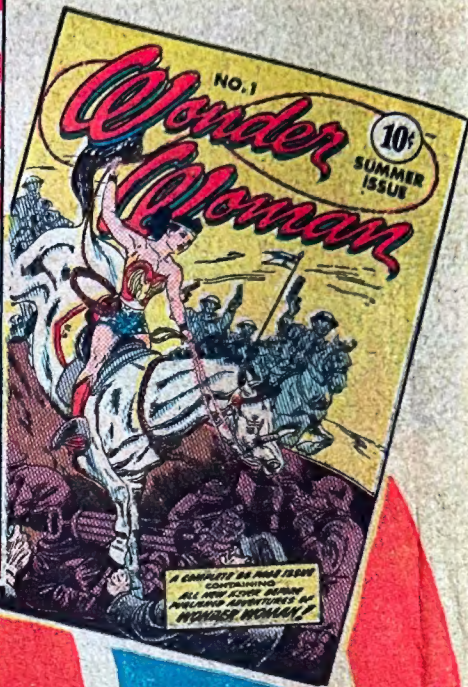
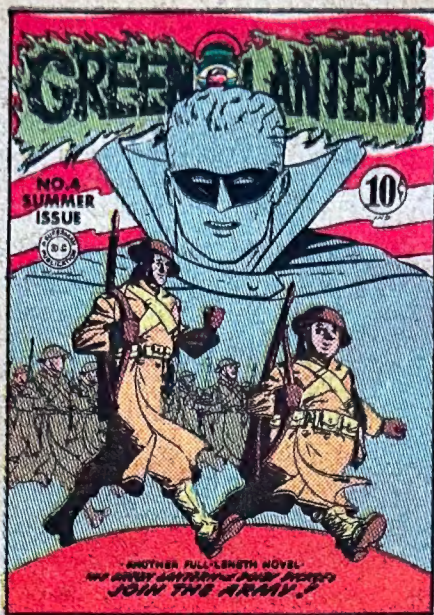


THIS MOB THAT SANDY AND I JUST POLISHED OFF ARE JUST SMALL FRY COMPARED WITH THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS THE UNITED NATIONS ARE FIGHTING TODAY! THE JAPANAZIS ARE ONE GANG WE MUST PITCH IN TO FIGHT---BECAUSE THEY'RE OUT TO GET US FOR KEEPS!!

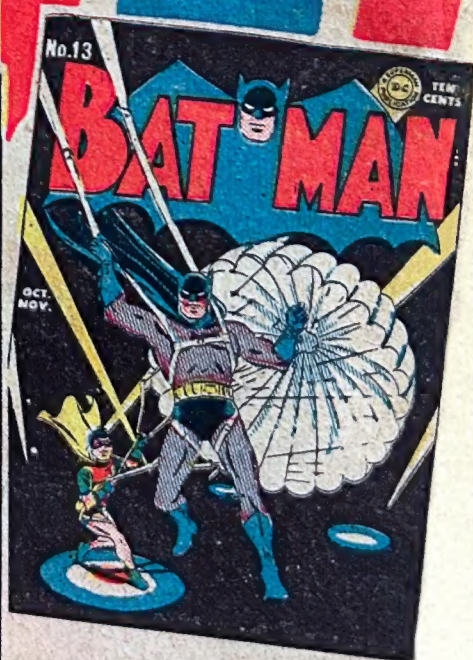
THEY MAKE NO PRETENSE ABOUT WHAT THEIR INTENTIONS ARE! THEY ARE VICIOUS AND CRUEL! THE NAZIS AND JAPS HAVE BOMBED, BEATEN, AND TORTURED THE HELPLESS! THEY ARE CRIMINALS WHO HAVE NO PLACE IN A FREE AND CIVILIZED SOCIETY! YOU KIDS CAN HELP LICK THEM BY BUYING

WAR STAMPS and BONDS Now! AND WE'LL LICK 'EM BECAUSE WE'RE RIGHT!





LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

Get TIGER POWER Now It's EASY!

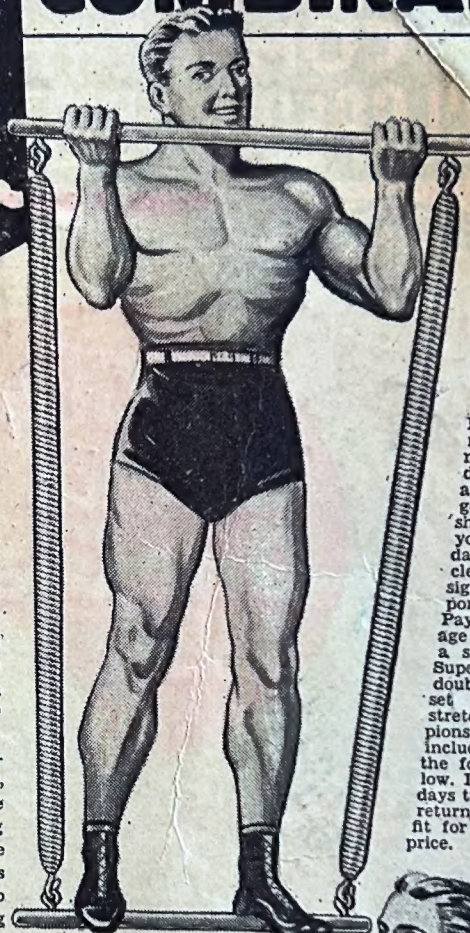
Here is your opportunity to build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No more these days for weaklings. Now, more than ever, you must be STRONG to get ahead in the world... you can get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

GET BURSTING STRENGTH QUICKLY

No matter if you are a weakling or no matter if you already boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit and instructions that go with it to be just what you need. The entire equipment which contains dozens of individual features are all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet the actual resistance of your strength and to increase the power progressively as you build a body of mighty muscles. Men in training and men who have reached the top in performing strong-man feats unanimously acclaim this new progressive chest pull and bar bell combination as being a great advancement in the invention of practical equipment to quickly get strong and develop bursting strength.

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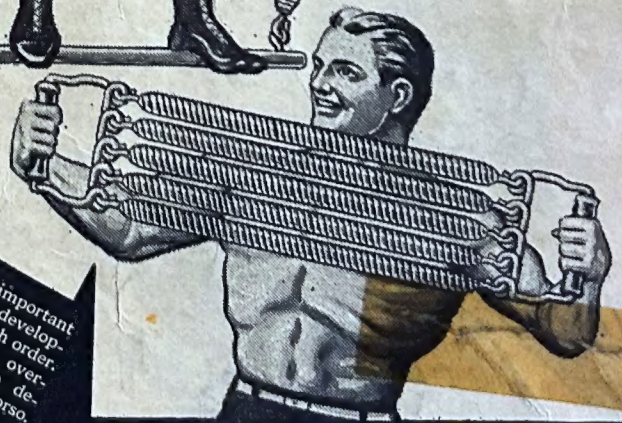
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